HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVI.—No. 1352.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

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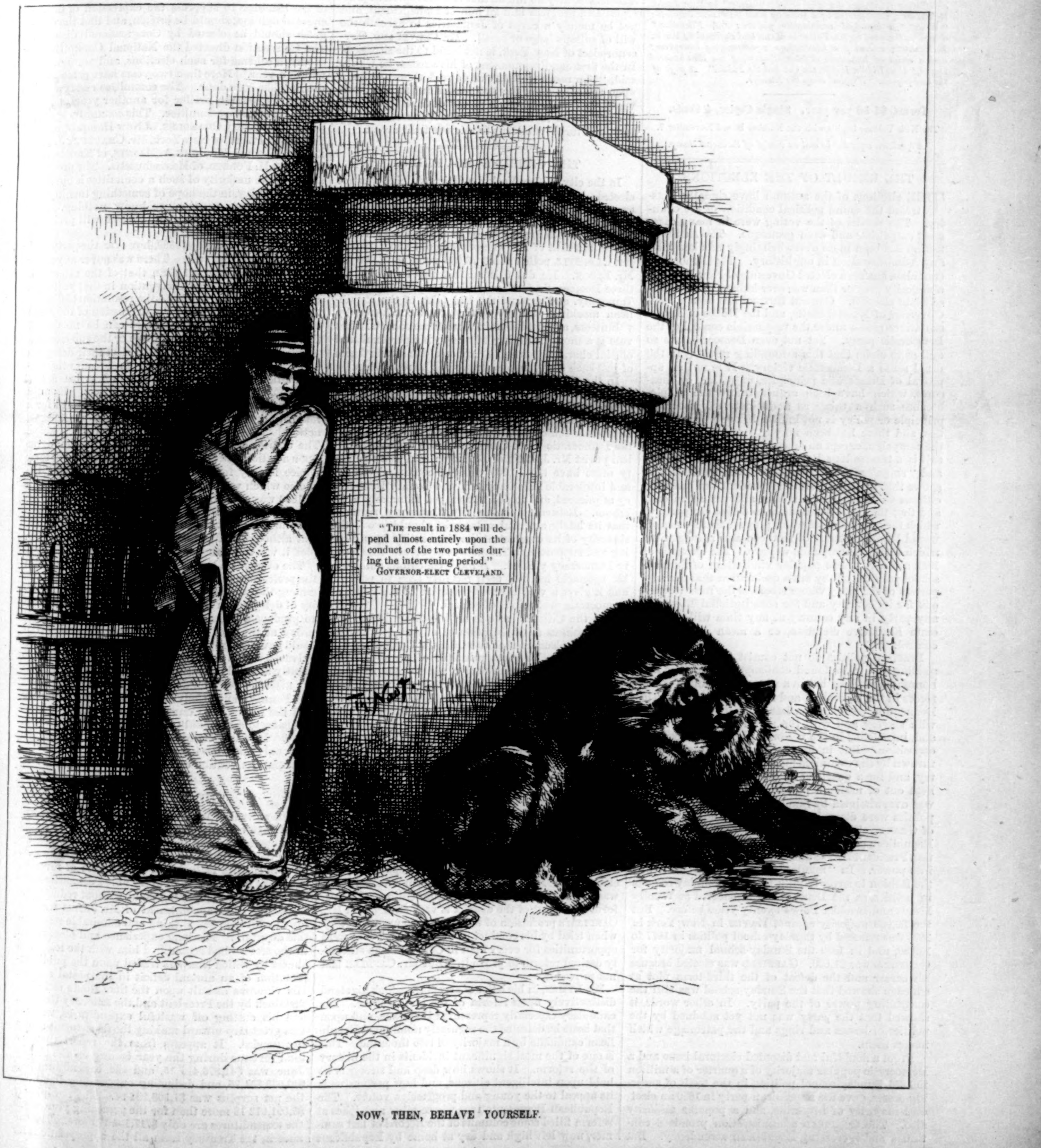

NOW, THEN, BEHAVE YOURSELF.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 159, published November 14, contains three delightful short stories—"An Adventure in the Suez Canal," by MR. DAVID KER; *"Uncle Zed's Wolf," by* MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK; *"The Boys' Store-keeping," by* C. M. ST. DENYS; *and Chapters V. and VI. of the serial story, "Nan," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes a most interesting article on "Coral Reefs," and* MR. JAMES OTIS *gives the boys some clear and useful information as to "Squirrels, and How to Keep Them."*

The art-work in this Number is especially attractive. It includes an effective front-page drawing, called "Waiting," by MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT, *accompanied by a poem by* MISS MARGARET JOHNSON; *"Winter," a beautiful imaginative picture; "A Flirtation," drawn on the wood by* MR. PHILIP B. HAHS, *and engraved by* MR. R. A. MULLER; *several fine illustrations accompanying letterpress; and a series of humorous sketches illustrating the time-honored rhyme, "Hey, Diddle, Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle." A page of the ever-popular "Wiggles" closes the Number.*

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THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections of the autumn have signally illustrated the sound political condition of the country. The results of the voting were in many cases most surprising and even grotesque. The Administration has been more overwhelmingly rebuked than any Administration in our history. The Democratic candidate has been elected Governor of New York by a majority greater than was ever known in a contested State election. General BUTLER has been elected Governor of Massachusetts, and the House of Representatives passes under the responsible control of the Democratic party. Yet not even Democrats are so dull as to claim that this astounding result is in the usual sense a Democratic victory. It is not an approval of Democratic principles, or policy, or measures, which have been argued before the people, because such a thing as a distinctive Democratic principle or policy is not known in our present politics, and there has been no party argument during the campaign, except an appeal to tradition. The result is a tremendous Republican rebuke to "bosses" and "rings," and to corrupt political methods. It shows that intelligent and independent and patriotic citizens value party as a means, and not as an end, and that they will not hesitate to defeat the party to which they are attached when they see that its success would be an approval of methods and management which threaten the public welfare. The elections of 1882 are a complete popular vindication of Sunday-school politics. They are a declaration that the supporters of the party whose record is the most illustrious for its country and for constitutional liberty of any party in any country at any time will not tolerate Executive dictation, or a mean and corrupt control.

Practical politics do not consist in cheating and stealing and in profound contempt for generous and honorable motives, but in a wise calculation of moral forces in the individual and in the community. The Democratic party in the last generation allied itself with slavery and with the moral timidity of trade, and, intrenched in the national patronage, sneered at opposition. But in five years it was totally overthrown by the organized moral sentiment of the country, and for a quarter of a century it will have been kept out of national power. The Democratic party was overwhelmed by Sunday-school politics. Those politics were discarded in the second administration of GRANT. The result was the narrow escape of the Republican party from disaster in 1876. At that election President HAYES and Sunday-school politics came into power. In "regular" Republican circles it was the fashion to sneer at milk toast and Sunday-schools in politics, as the Democrats had sneered at Woolly Heads and Brudder Bones twenty years before. But the 32,000 majority against HAYES in New York in 1876 was reduced by Sunday-school politics in 1877 to 11,000, and in 1880 the Sunday-school majority for GARFIELD was 21,000. GARFIELD was elected because his career and the defeat of the third-term plot at Chicago showed that the Sunday-school was still the controlling power of the party. In other words, it showed that the party was not yet subdued by the politics of bosses and rings and the patronage which makes them.

From a doubtful and disputed electoral issue and a Democratic popular majority of a quarter of a million in 1876, Sunday-school politics, in the teeth of sneering bosses, gave the Republican party in 1880 an electoral majority of fifty-nine, and a popular majority also. The GARFIELD administration promised continued and increasing Republican ascendency. But a shot from the spoils camp suddenly overthrew it, and installed in power the sneerers at Sunday-school politics. They have had their way. They sincerely believe that all is fair in politics; that every Republican is a dog to come to a party whistle; that it is enough to say that however corrupt Republican management may be, Democratic management is worse. They can not comprehend that the fate of the party is in the hands of a clear-headed and true-hearted body of citizens, who can not be fooled, and without whose approval success is impossible. The consequences are visible all around us. The Republican party which in 1880, under the impulse of the Sunday-school, saw a future worthy of its past, in 1882, under the control of the sneerers at Sunday-school politics, encounters a defeat so universal and overwhelming that it is supposed in some quarters to be the destruction of the party. But it shows only that while Republicans do not expect a political party to be an ideal association, they do intend that it shall represent principles and progress and an honest management, and not be merely a corps of Janissaries to execute the will of sultans large or small. Mr. CLEVELAND, Governor-elect of New York, is not blind to the situation. In the first dazzling moment of his success he wisely said, "The result in 1884 will depend almost entirely upon the conduct of the two parties during the intervening period." There is plenty of time before 1884 for Democrats to throw away the fruits of this victory, and for Republicans to retrieve their defeat.

THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT.

IN the city of New York the Citizens' ticket was not elected; but for a spontaneous movement, upon the eve of the election, and against enormous odds, the result was far from discouraging. The majority of Mr. CLEVELAND for Governor in the city was nearly 78,000, but that of Mr. EDSON was only about 22,000. Mr. CAMPBELL polled about 76,000 votes, to 98,000 for Mr. EDSON. He did this against the union of the three Democratic factions, which are now merged in Tammany, and against the bad faith of the Republican machine, and his canvass was conducted by volunteers, against the trained machine cohorts. His vote is a most gratifying tribute to his personal and official character, and an evidence of the strong desire of just such a city administration as he represents.

In the city contest the most contemptible figure is that of the County Democracy. This body of politicians decided, a year or two since, that Tammany was corrupt, debasing, and intolerable, and that decent Democrats could have nothing to do with it. But at the Democratic State Convention the eminent political purist Mr. JACOBS, of Brooklyn, said that the party must have the 40,000 votes of corrupt, debasing, and intolerable Tammany, and the County Democracy acquiesced, and folded unchanged Tammany to its bosom. Returning to the city, Tammany required that its lately scornful antagonist should prove the sincerity of its conduct at the Convention by accepting and supporting a Tammany Mayor, and the County Democracy yielded. A more ridiculous and ignoble spectacle has not been recently seen in politics, and it gives a very accurate measure of the value of Democratic professions of reform.

But the Citizens' vote is an imposing declaration for a business administration of city affairs, and we hear with pleasure that the Citizens' Committee will not disband. Its great principle of a non-partisan municipal government, and a charter properly adjusting official responsibility, and providing for a city election separate from the political elections, compose a platform for municipal reform upon which a strong and successful party may be gathered. There is certainly no reason for discouragement in the result, and every reason to anticipate the success of the completer organization of the movement.

A DISTINCTIVE VICTORY FOR REFORM.

THE elections were a most emphatic demand for honest politics, and therefore for civil service reform. This fact was nowhere more strongly emphasized than in the Seventh District of Massachusetts, where Mr. THEODORE LYMAN, an Independent Republican, was elected over Mr. CANDLER, the present member, who was nominated by the regular Convention. The reform sentiment of the district is very strong, and Mr. CANDLER'S profession of faith was very unsatisfactory when tried by his conduct in the House. There were opportunities for every man in Congress who sincerely desired reform to prove it. But Mr. CANDLER had not proved it.

Mr. LYMAN, in his letter of acceptance, took his stand distinctively upon reform of the civil service. His candidacy especially represented that issue, and upon that issue he defeated the regularly nominated Republican candidate by a majority of two thousand. This is one of the most significant incidents in the history of the reform. It shows how deep and strong is its hold upon intelligent citizens, and how persuasive is its appeal to the young and progressive voters. The Republican Representatives whose gibes and jokes at reform filled some columns of the *Record* of last summer, now left high and dry at home by Republicans who are in earnest, probably wish that they had been in earnest also.

Other Representatives than Mr. LYMAN have been elected who have expressed the most satisfactory opinions upon the question of reform. But they were not nominated by and upon that issue. Both Republicans and Democrats who have declared their loyalty to reform principles will certainly have an opportunity to prove their sincerity. The question is no longer banished to a vague generalization in a platform; it elects and defeats members of Congress.

THE UNIT RULE.

IN the midst of the disastrous consequences of too much despotism and dictation in the Republican party, it is well to remember that the last National Convention took measures to secure a real representation of the party at the next Convention. It decided that the yoke of the unit rule, which is one of the devices of the machine to suppress the expression of differences of opinion, should be broken, and that the delegates should be elected by Congressional districts. The Convention directed the National Committee to submit a scheme for such elections, and announce it within a year. More than two years have passed, and nothing has been done. The committee resolved last spring to defer the matter for another year, and intrusted it to a sub-committee. This committee is composed of Secretary CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, of New York, Mr. CHAUNCEY J. FILLEY, of Missouri, Mr. JOHN A. MARTIN, of Kansas, and Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, of Massachusetts. The probable action of the majority of such a committee is obvious. It will be delay, in the hope of something turning up. Of Mr. MARTIN'S position we know nothing. But Messrs. CHANDLER, PLATT, and FILLEY will probably act in unison.

After the experience of 1880, however, the party will not tolerate the unit rule. There was never any more intolerable management than that of the attempted packing of the National Convention in that year by a small clique of "bosses," and the resolution to discard the unit rule was an emphatic expression of the sense of outrage in the party. There can be no doubt, therefore, whatever the committee or the sub-committee may do, that Republicans will elect their delegates by districts. This is but reasonable, because the representation in a National Convention is based, like the number of electors, upon the districts. Even in Conventions where authority has been claimed for a majority of the Convention to select the delegates, its action has been but a ratification of the district choice. The district delegates in the State Convention agree upon a national delegate, and the confirmation of their choice is only formal. The effort to set aside the choice which was made in the New York Convention of 1880 was a natural endeavor of the bosses, because they were unwilling that the real and deep difference of opinion in Republican New York should be known. But although characteristic of the whole third-term plot, it was so outrageous that it miscarried.

The object of a National Convention is to ascertain the preference of the Republicans of the United States among the candidates. The effort to crush the minority of delegates in the State of New York was intended to produce a moral effect like that which the forged proxy at the Saratoga Convention produced. If it could have been represented that New York and Pennsylvania were a unit for the third term, it would have greatly affected the result elsewhere. It was because the machine was confident of its power to do this that the Pennsylvania Convention was held in January and the New York Convention in February to elect delegates to a National Convention to be held late in June. It would be interesting to know whether the National Committee intend to obey the direction of the National Convention or to disregard it altogether.

THE POST-OFFICE.

THE annual reports of the Post-office Department are always very interesting because of the vast extent of its operations and the enormous figures which describe them. The Post-office is maintained as a public convenience rather than as a source of revenue, but it has been the aim of every able Postmaster-General to bring it to a paying point without reducing its efficiency. The appointment of Mr. JAMES was followed with the most striking and admirable results in this direction. His long experience and observation in the service had acquainted him with the leaks and abuses by which sharpers traded upon the public expectation of an annual deficit in the postal service. His vigorous assault upon the Star Route swindles, sustained by the President and the Attorney-General, and his cutting off wasteful expenditures, was the first great step toward making the department a paying service. It appears from the report that the total revenue during the year ending on the 30th of June was $41,876,410 15, and the expenditure was $40,039,634 75, and deducting outstanding liabilities, the net surplus was $1,508,224 94. The receipts are $5,091,012 18 more than for the preceding year, while the expenditures are only $717,134 17 more. The balance in the Treasury from all the appropriations for

the year, after satisfying all obligations, will be more than $3,000,000.

This is a very pleasant statement. The details show that in sixteen States only is there a surplus of receipts over expenses. In Maryland, West Virginia, and Tennessee the deficit is so small that next year they will be doubtless added to the list of paying States. The largest deficit is in California, where it reaches $508,351, and the next in Texas, where it is $459,019. The whole number of post-offices on the 30th of June was 46,231, an increase of 1719 during the year. Of these offices 1951 are filled by the President and Senate, and are known as Presidential offices. The remainder, 44,280, are filled by the Postmaster-General. The practice is to fill them upon the nomination of the Congressional Representative from the district, if he be of the Administration party.

This enormous patronage of the Post-office Department and its ramification into every corner of the country makes it the most serviceable of all for political abuse. When General JACKSON began his proscription JOHN McLEAN was Postmaster-General, and as he was unwilling to become an executive tool for removals, he was "tumbled upstairs" to the Supreme Bench. From that time the Post-office Department was the chief agency of political patronage, and it is this fact which made the suggestions of Postmaster-General JAMES in regard to reform so significant. In his report of last year the head of the department who controlled this enormous party engine quietly laid down the soundest principles of reform as desirable for the greater efficiency of the service as well as for the general public welfare. His statement was clear and conclusive, and as proceeding from the highest officer and one of the most experienced officers in the service, it carried immense weight. The position taken last year by Postmaster-General JAMES was one of the most significant signs of purer politics and more efficient administration. We wish that we had any reason to suppose that his successor would take a similar position this year.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

THE burning of the Park Theatre in New York was closely followed by that of the Alhambra, another theatre in the city; by a theatre in Baltimore, and one in Barcelona, in Spain, and by an alarm in the Brooklyn Academy during the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert. The latter event gave occasion for the display of the most admirable and fortunate self-possession upon the part of THEODORE THOMAS, the conductor. The house was packed, seats and aisles, and the orchestra was playing a symphony of BEETHOVEN, when a smell of smoke and smoke itself were perceived. It was from a neighboring building, and there was no danger. But some terrified persons arose, and began to press toward the door. There was instant confusion, and a fatal panic was imminent. But, with consummate address, THOMAS, unmoved, with his back to the audience, steadily waved his baton, quickening the time and swelling the volume of sound, and by his perfect self-possession stayed and calmed the panic fear which, had he paused for a moment, would have burst into an uncontrollable frenzy, with the most ghastly consequences. A few gentlemen aided him by shouting that there was no danger, and the confusion was presently stilled.

But there is sometimes actual danger, and every conductor has not the happy nerve of THOMAS. Some other defense than the good fortune of the presence of one man able to allay a panic is necessary to restore public confidence in the safety of theatres and halls of amusement. Probably there is not such a place in the city in which a panic, which is so easily produced, would not be followed by the most disastrous consequences. Yet Mr. ESTERBROOK, the Superintendent of Buildings, says that with proper laws regulating building, every theatre could be made safe. He intimates that the passage of such laws is baffled by opposing interests. Every such structure should be as nearly fire-proof as possible. Beams, floors, stairways, walls, all the main parts, could be required to be absolutely fire-proof, and the stage, which is the inflammable portion, should be immediately separable from the auditorium by a fire-proof screen. Broad aisles should be imperative, and no obstruction in them, either of persons or seats, should be permitted. Every such building, also, should be isolated, and open to the street all around, so that there could be immediate egress through ample doors. A calamity like that of the Vienna theatre is possible in New York at any moment, and its possibility should be averted.

Adequate legislation, however, can hardly be expected so long as the public is content with the present provision. It is plausibly urged that in all the theatres which have been burned in New York within a century very few lives have been lost. Even at the Park Theatre, the other day, which burned like hay, out of about twenty persons, only one lost his life, and two broke their legs and almost their necks. So long as this argument is satisfactory, a change can hardly be expected. Yet the good sense of safe building and the proper security of such places is so apparent that a well-digested law regulating the erection and disposition of theatres could hardly fail to pass.

READING FOR THE HOSPITALS.

WE gladly renew our annual appeal for the excellent charity which supplies reading for the inmates of the hospitals and other charitable institutions of the city. The humane purpose itself needs no commendation, and the especial aid which is asked is clearly stated by the committee of ladies.

"Donations of books and magazines, copies of 'Franklin Square Library,' illustrated papers, stories, and novels, are earnestly solicited for distribution among the inmates of our public hospitals and other institutions. Last year's Easter, Christmas, and New-Year's cards can be utilized, and are acceptable.

"Packages should be sent to the office of the State Charities Aid Association, 6 East Fourteenth Street, New York. Express charges must be prepaid."

THE "AMERICAN TEACHER."

SOME of the most noted and accomplished teachers in every part of the country, including Presidents ELIOT of Harvard, BARNARD of Columbia, GILMAN of Johns Hopkins, WHITE of Cornell, and STEARNS of the University of Nashville, with the superintendents of public schools and other trustworthy persons, have consented to co-operate in establishing a new educational paper, to be called the *American Teacher*. It will be devoted exclusively to education, and it will be independent of all personal and local controversies and of all book-publishing influences. It will contain articles from acknowledged authorities in pedagogy, such as Dr. STANLEY HALL, critical reviews of school-books and works on education, digests of teachers' meetings, careful abstracts of foreign works, and copious information in regard to foreign education, with general correspondence upon the subject. The paper, in fact, is intended to be what the leading American teachers think that such a paper should be.

The *American Teacher* will be published in Boston, and the names of those who have already taken shares, together with those of the promoters of the enterprise, promise a journal which will not discredit its title.

THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.

THERE is an evident disposition on the part of France to rival in Africa the exploits of England in India. Algiers and Tunis, as well as the little colony of Senegambia, are already French, and if the valleys of the Congo and the Niger can be brought under the French flag, the next NAPOLEON will be able to style himself Emperor of the Africans, as an offset to the splendid title of Empress of India conferred upon Queen VICTORIA by Lord BEACONSFIELD.

There is an ingenious and sanguine Frenchman who is about to begin the building of a railway which is to follow the river Senegal from its mouth to its source, and then stretch across the mountains to the Niger. The distance on the ordinary school map of Africa is little more than two inches, and though there are maps on which two mountain ranges are thoughtlessly placed directly across the route of the Senegal and Niger Railway, there are other maps on which those ranges are placed in less objectionable positions. The sanguine Frenchman entertains no doubt that the S. and N. Railway can be built with great ease, owing to the shortness of the distance between the seacoast and the Niger, and he maintains that it will not be worth while to cross the mountain ranges before coming to them. When the road is built and in operation, with two express trains running in each direction every day, and with palace-cars furnished with banjos and accordions for the use of the native kings, France will gain possession of the entire trade of Timbuctoo, Saccatoo, and Bornou. Steamers will be placed on the Niger to run in connection with all through trains, and tickets for the round trip from Senegambia to the Bight of Benin by rail and steamer will be eagerly bought by excursionists.

Feasible and attractive as this project may seem to the Gallic mind, there are two or three trifling objections to it. Short as the distance from the coast to the Niger by way of the river Senegal may be on the map, it is in reality about a thousand miles. There are unquestionably mountain ranges in the way of the projected railway, for the early African explorers who attempted to reach the Upper Niger by ascending the Senegal or the Gambia found the mountains just where a railway engineer would prefer not to find them. If we concede that the building of the railway is possible, how is it to be kept overnight? Nothing is more certain than that the natives will steal the spikes and fish-bolts and steel rails every dark night unless every rod of the road is guarded by soldiers. Moreover, there are the ants, who will devour the ties, the station-houses, and the telegraph operators; and there are the stray elephants who will get on the track and be run over, with most disastrous results to trains and passengers. With the use of the entire revenue of France the road may be built, and with the help of the whole French army it may be effectively guarded after it is built; still it is doubtful if, on the whole, it will prove a really profitable undertaking.

M. DE BRUZZA, a French citizen who is of Italian birth, and therefore fully twice as sanguine as an original Frenchman would be, has a scheme much grander than that of the S. and N. Railway. Some time ago Mr. STANLEY, who is employed by the International African Society to open the river Congo to trade and exploration, was met on the banks of the river by M. DE BRUZZA, who, though devoid of trousers, boots, and other comforts of civilization, was full of dignity and plans for the glory of France. He was supplied with trousers by Mr. STANLEY, whereupon he pressed forward into the interior of Africa, and opened an office for the purchase of native kingdoms. These he bought at a remarkably cheap rate—say, fifteen cents for a single kingdom or twenty-five cents for two. Whenever he bought a kingdom he presented the native king with a French flag, and when he had laid in as large a supply of kingdoms as his purse would permit, he returned to France, and demanded that the government should approve his acts by annexing his entire stock of African kingdoms to France. This would give France the command of the Congo Valley above the Yellala cataracts, and would be the beginning of the annexation of all Central Africa. The French dominion would soon stretch northward to the Great Desert, and southward to the confines of the Transvaal and the British Cape colonies, while Tanganyika would be made a French lake, and the French and the Egyptians would meet in arms on the banks of the White Nile.

This magnificent prospect is naturally alluring to Frenchmen and correspondingly depressing to Mr. STANLEY, who is unwilling that French ambition should interfere with his plans for establishing free trade in the Congo region. He is now in Europe making earnest speeches in opposition to M. DE BRUZZA, and endeavoring to create a public sentiment which will prevent the French government from accepting that gentleman's African kingdoms.

What Mr. STANLEY needs to do is to immediately provide himself with a new flag far more gaudy than the French flag. The native kings who accepted M. DE BRUZZA's offers for their kingdoms in order to obtain French flags promptly made trousers of them, which they are now wearing with great pride and satisfaction. If Mr. STANLEY will only return to Africa with a supply of flags of all the colors of the rainbow, he can easily induce the native kings to rescind their bargains with M. DE BRUZZA, and to place themselves under the sole protection of Mr. STANLEY and his desirable flags. Thus will the schemes of the wily Frenchman be frustrated, and the Congo and Central Africa be kept from the grasp of France. After all, France would have no reason to regret such a result, for a more costly and profitless conquest than that of savage and fever-stricken Central Africa could not be imagined.

PERSONAL.

MR. FRANCIS G. SHAW, who died in West Brighton, Staten Island, on Tuesday, November 7, was one of the early leaders in the antislavery movement, and took a prominent part in the agitation of the question, with WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and GERRIT SMITH, at a time when to advocate freedom for the slave was dangerous in the North as well as in the South. He was active in the formation of the Republican party, and supported the government heartily in its measures to crush the rebellion. When the Freedmen's Bureau was established, Mr. SHAW became its President, and conducted its affairs with signal ability. His philanthropy was not confined to the colored race. He was always ready to contribute liberally to any cause which he thought to be deserving. His genial character, fine culture, and high intellectual qualities gained him the warm esteem of all who knew him.

—DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who has just resigned his Harvard professorship, usually gave his lectures extemporaneously, illustrated by anatomical preparations, models, pictures, and diagrams. He has also been a frequent contributor to medical journals, and has occasionally addressed assemblies of medical men; but his fame will rest upon his poems and his delightful "Autocrat" and the charming talk of "The Professor."

—MR. CHARLES A. WHITNEY, who died in this city a few days since, though a native of this State, passed the largest part of his business life in New Orleans in charge of the vast business interests of the late CHARLES MORGAN. Mr. WHITNEY was highly esteemed for his exceptional business ability and for fine social qualities. Although quite unostentatious in his way of life, he was a man of large charities, and an active participant in all enterprises calculated to promote the honor and prosperity of New Orleans.

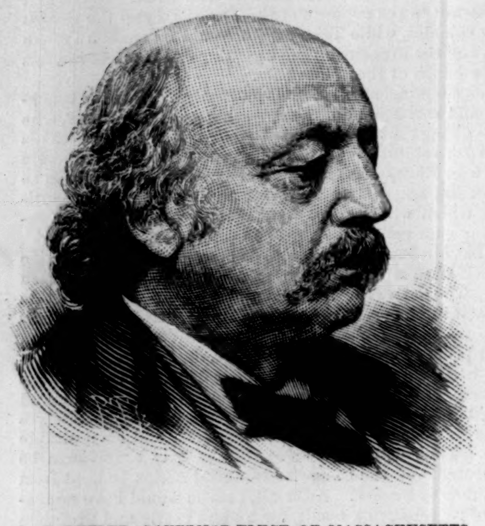
—Mayor GRACE did a very proper thing in appointing Mr. GEORGE P. ANDREWS Corporation Counsel in place of Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, resigned. Mr. ANDREWS has held the position of Assistant Counsel to the Corporation for the past ten years, and has discharged the multifarious and responsible duties of that office with ability and entire acceptance to the public. His promotion is a step in the right direction in civil reform.

—The late JEROME G. KIDDER, of Boston, is to be added to the long roll of those who will be remembered in that city and elsewhere for the munificence of their public benefactions. To the Institute of Technology he bequeathed $55,000; to the Lying-in Hospital, $50,000; Massachusetts General Hospital, $25,000; Boston Industrial Temporary Home, $12,000; Home for Aged Men, $10,000; Home for Aged Women, $10,000; Home of the Good Samaritan, $10,000; American Unitarian Association, $10,000; Temporary Asylum for Discharged Female Prisoners, $3000; Children's Friend Society, $3000; Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, $4000; Massachusetts Home for Discharged Convicts, $3000; Church of the Advent, $1000.

—JOSIAH QUINCY, who died a few days since at the age of eighty, was a classmate of EMERSON, and graduated at the age of eighteen. His life was an active and honorable one, though confined chiefly to his native city and State. He was a member of the Common Council from 1833 to 1837, and its President for three years. In 1845 he was nominated by the Whigs for Mayor, and was elected by a handsome majority. After completing his term as Mayor he became a member of the Legislature, and at the time of his death was the oldest living ex-President of the Senate. He was also the oldest commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Until within four or five years Mr. QUINCY resided in Boston. Since then he has lived on the fine old estate at Wollaston which has been the family homestead since 1635, and the title-deed to which was given to the QUINCYS by the Indians.

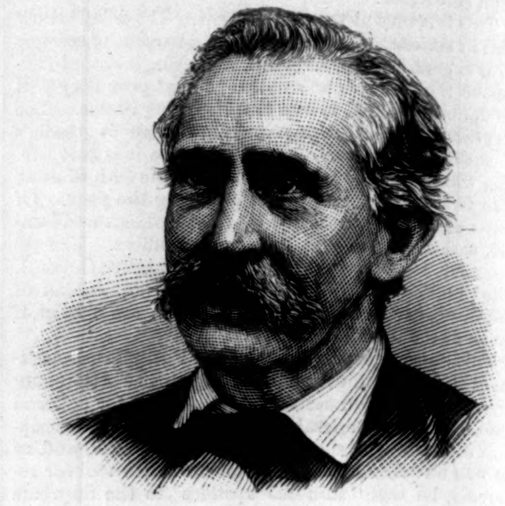
—It is understood that Madame PATTI was married to NICOLINI, for the second time, a few weeks ago in London, the recently passed French divorce law making such a ceremony advisable. It is said that Madame PATTI was married to NICOLINI in the Greek Church in Paris six years ago. This second marriage is to prevent the Marquis de Caux from getting possession of part of Madame PATTI's fortune should she die suddenly. The famous singer GRISI was divorced thirty years before her death from her first husband, the Count de Melci, who, notwithstanding the divorce and the lapse of years, appeared after her death, and his claim for two-thirds of the estate was allowed by the French courts. It is to prevent such an attempt on the part of DE CAUX that the recent marriage ceremony was performed.

—There is quite a little romance in the association of Madame NILSSON with Mr. BJORKSHEN, the tenor, who is one of Mr. ABBEY's company. When the prima donna was last at Stockholm she was the object of great curiosity, and among her admirers one young man was conspicuous for his assiduity, so much so that Madame N. at last became annoyed at the persistent attention of her young worshipper. One evening she found herself being serenaded, and she could not fail to be struck by the clear tones of a tenor voice which rose above the rest. Sending for the singer, she discovered that this tenor was none other than her young admirer. He belongs to a good family at Stockholm, being the son of the Governor of the Castle. When quite a boy he vowed, in the name of his countrywoman CHRISTINE NILSSON, to devote himself to music, and though destined by his parents for the navy, he underwent, at his own expense, a course of singing lessons. Madame NILSSON was so attracted by his voice and enthusiasm that, taking him under her patronage, she placed him with one of the best masters in Paris.



B. F. BUTLER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK & CO.

GEORGE STONEMAN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF CALIFORNIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. W. TABER.



W. B. BATE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF TENNESSEE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHLEIER.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

THE elections held throughout the country on the 7th inst. resulted in a whirlwind of Democratic victories. The offices filled were very important. Thirty-three States voted, fifteen of them for Governors and twenty for other State officers. Members of the Forty-eighth Congress (293 in all) were chosen in all the States, and Delegates in the Territories. Vacancies in the present Congress were also filled. Legislatures were elected in twenty-two States. Constitutional amendments were voted upon in seven States, including two propositions in Illinois.

Thirteen of the fifteen States elected Democratic Governors, some of them by large majorities. The exceptions were Nebraska, where JAMES W. DAWES, the Republican candidate, was chosen by about 15,000 majority, and New Hampshire, which declared in favor of S. W. HALE by a very close vote. California elected GEORGE STONEMAN (Democrat) by 20,000 majority. Colorado, JAMES B. GRANT (Democrat), 2500 majority, with the rest of the State ticket Republican, including a majority of the Legislature. Connecticut saved nothing but the Comptroller, who was supported by the German Anti-Prohibitionists, the Grand Army, and the friends of mutual aid societies; WALLER was elected Governor by a plurality of over 4000. Delaware went Democratic, as usual. In Kansas Governor ST. JOHN (Republican) was defeated; returns from 108 legislative districts elect fifty-nine Republicans, fourteen Independent Republicans, twenty-six Democrats, and nine Greenbackers. Massachusetts gave General B. F. BUTLER, Governor, a plurality of about 13,000, but elected Republicans to the other places on the State ticket; nine Republican Congressmen were elected, with one Democrat, one Democrat and Independent, and one Democrat and Greenbacker; there were Republican losses in the Legislature, but not enough to disturb the majority. Michigan chose J. W. BEGOLE (Democrat, indorsed by Greenbackers) by a majority of 8000 to 10,000, but the Republicans have both branches of the Legislature. In Nevada the Democrats elected J. W. ADAMS Governor by 2000 over. New York rolled up nearly 200,000 for GROVER CLEVELAND, the largest majority ever given for any candidate in any State in the Union; only eight counties gave the Republican candidate majorities; the Congressional vote in the State showed a choice of twenty-one Democrats and thirteen Republicans, and the Assembly eighty-four Democrats and forty-four Republicans; the Free Canal amendment was carried by 150,000 majority. In Pennsylvania ROBERT E. PATTISON (Democrat) was elected Governor by a plurality of nearly 40,000; the next State Senate will consist of twenty-nine Republicans and twenty-one Democrats, and the Assembly will probably have 110 Democrats and ninety-one Republicans. South Carolina gave HUGH S. THOMPSON (Democrat) about 50,000 majority for Governor. Tennessee elected WILLIAM B. BATE (Democrat) by about 40,000 majority, and Texas Democrats carried the State by 60,000 or more for JOHN IRELAND. Later returns may somewhat modify the above figures, but in the main the results are believed to be accurately noted.

The political complexion of Congress was completely changed. The next House of Representatives will have a Democratic majority of about 77 in place of the small Republican majority which controls the present house. Five of the States elected solid Democratic delegations, viz., Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, and Georgia.

In New York city the Citizens' ticket, although unsuccessful, drew out an immense vote in favor of its candidates. Thus, while MR. CLEVELAND, Democratic candidate for Governor, received 125,345 votes, and MR. FOLGER, the Republican candidate, 47,714, MR. EDSON, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, received only 98,304, and MR. CAMPBELL as many as 76,143. The Democratic Governor's majority, then, was 77,631, and the Democratic Mayor's only 22,161. For Sheriff, Colonel EMMONS CLARK got 77,436 votes against 97,178 for his successful opponent, DAVIDSON. The vote for County Clerk stood: PATRICK KEENAN, 83,971; BUTLER, 50,874; and O'BRIEN, 37,978.

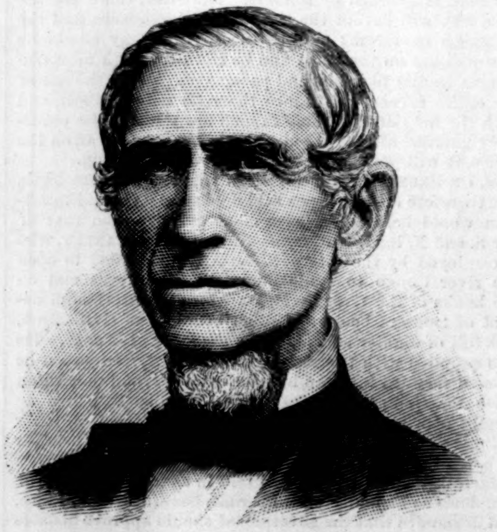
R. E. PATTISON, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF PENNSYLVANIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST.

J. W. BEGOLE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MICHIGAN.

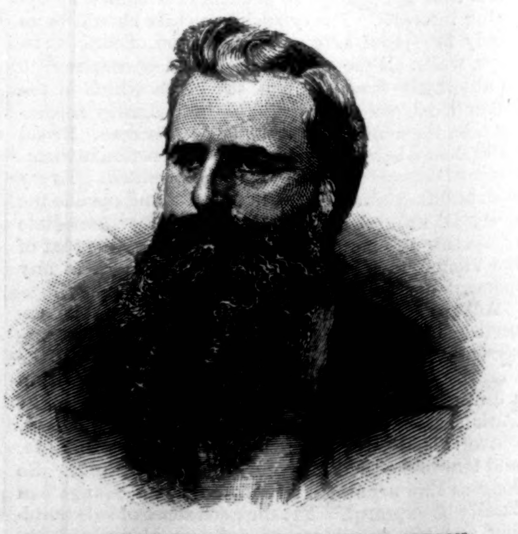
H. S. THOMPSON, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. A. RECKLING.

HON. JOSEPH N. DOLPH, of Portland, United States Senator-elect for Oregon, has risen in twenty years from the position of a struggling young graduate to occupy the foremost place in the bar of his State. He is a native of New York, and was born in 1835, in what is now Schuyler County. His success is the result of earnest application and wonderful capacity for work, without genius or even brilliancy. For years he has been recognized as the leading Republican speaker of Oregon, and at the ratification meetings which followed each State Convention he has sounded the keynote of the campaign. He served as State Senator for Multnomah County for eight years with marked ability. His income from his law practice is larger than that of any other professional man in the State. His record in private, professional, and public life is absolutely pure.

T. M. WALLER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF CONNECTICUT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.



C. C. STOCKLY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF DELAWARE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. PAUL BROWN.



J. N. DOLPH, REPUBLICAN SENATOR FROM OREGON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BUCHTEL & STOLTE.

"LAWING" IN THE NORTH WOODS.

SUMMER tourists through the Adirondacks have but little opportunity of studying the real life and character of those to whom this wild region of mountain, forest, and lake is home. They study their guides, and generally find them good-natured, independent, and hard-working fellows, whose conversation is replete with anecdotes adapted to the credulity of their listeners, and monotonous to a degree in that they are all but variations of the one universal theme, deer-slaying, and all contain exactly the same amount of brag.

It was, however, the good fortune of one party who traversed the woods late in September, after most of the summer business was over, to light upon a native community in one of its seasons of relaxation and social enjoyment, and this they afterward appreciated as one of the most interesting episodes of their sojourn in the Adirondacks.

The event which was for the moment the one topic of conversation and interest in the little village of L——, and which drew guides from all parts of the woods, was nothing more nor less than the trial, before a justice of the peace, of one of their number, the oldest of the fraternity, charged with violating the game-laws by shooting partridges out of season. If the prosecution was successful, similar charges would be brought against almost every guide in the woods; but if the defendant gained the day, it would be conclusive proof that all the alleged offenders were equally innocent, and all further complaints would be dropped. Thus the reputation of the community was at stake, and the interest in this test case was wide-spread and all-absorbing.

Court was held in the principal store of the village, as no other building afforded space for the several court officials, the jury, witnesses, and the crowd of interested spectators. At one end of the store, in a sort of raised alcove behind the desk of the proprietor, sat the judge, an old man in his shirt sleeves, who, outside of his official capacity, is by turns guide, surveyor, hunter, and farmer. He is the "squire" of the village, and much respected for his legal knowledge. His *vade mecum* was an immense calf-bound volume of Revised Statutes, for his constant reference to which he apologized, on the ground that "he was ginerally out of practice in summer, and had not yet read up for the winter's work." This was understood when it was explained that "lawing" forms one of the prominent pastimes of the natives during the long winter months, when they are almost isolated from the rest of the world; while in summer they are too busy to indulge in it to any great extent.

In the alcove behind the judge sat the jury, and at a table in front of him appeared the lawyers and the clerk of the court. Back of them, and making themselves as thoroughly comfortable as circumstances would allow on boxes, barrels, and on the counter, were the witnesses and spectators. The counsel for the defense was a wiry little man, well known as a guide and as a leader in local politics, whose legal knowledge had been, as he expressed it, "mainly picked up here an' there." The prosecuting attorney was nervous, and intensely interested in the success of this case, as upon it rested his fond hopes for many similar trials, and on it he had based some severe remarks as to how he intended to have law enforced in those parts.

During the examination of witnesses the spectators smoked, chewed, and at times took part in the proceedings by challenging the right of the lawyers to propound certain questions. At such moments all present, including judge and jury, joined in the discussion, the judge leaning far forward over his desk, at the imminent risk of overbalancing himself and it. Suddenly realizing his position, he would sternly command the constable to enforce order and maintain the dignity of the court, when comparative quiet would reign for a few minutes, or until the feelings of the spectators were again exasperated.

The several witnesses, who were evidently prejudiced in favor of the prisoner, skillfully parried the severe cross-examination of the prosecution by well-feigned ignorance or stupidity. They could not swear to dates, as in the woods they had no means of knowing Sundays from other days, and so lost reckoning. "Pa'tridges was sich cur'ous birds they wasn't rightly sar-

The Judge on his way to Court

The Trial.

Closing Argument of the Defence (After the Jury had retired)

tin but what they might hev bin woodcock." One of them didn't think "Old ALVY could hit a pa'tridge nohow, spite of his brag of bein' sich a shot." When the accused was examined on his own behalf, he refused to answer some of the questions asked him, on the ground that they were not legal, and he gave the opposing counsel such an exposition of the law, as viewed from his standpoint, as aroused the admiration and enthusiasm of the spectators, so that they applauded loudly. On this point the judge sustained the accused, and ordered that his feelings as a gentleman and a guide should be respected.

Finally, the *verbal* arguments were closed, and the case was given to the jury. At the same moment the sound of a bell was heard outside, and court was adjourned for dinner. During the promiscuous clearing of the room that followed, the accused and his counsel made use of a powerful argument, which they had held in reserve, by inviting the jury to dine with them, at the expense of the prisoner, in an adjoining tavern. During dinner the merits of the case were canvassed, and at its conclusion the juror who sat next the accused said to him, as he wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve, "It's all right, ALVY; whatever the others do, I'll stand by ye, and we'll get a disagree, anyway."

After dinner court was again opened, and the jury were conducted into a loft over the court-room to consider the case. The sounds of dispute and loud conversation among them caused the friends of the prisoner some anxiety; but his counsel was equal to the emergency, and slipping away into a dark corner of the store, where in the ceiling his keen eye had detected a stove-pipe hole, he produced the closing argument for the defense in the shape of a two-quart bottle of whiskey. This he thrust through the aperture into the upper room, and then awaited the result with composure. This subtle stroke of legal diplomacy produced an instantaneous effect. Quiet was restored in the upper room, and reigned for the next five minutes, at the end of which time the jury re-appeared, calm and smiling. Their verdict was unanimous for acquittal, at which the universal satisfaction was so great that the remainder of the afternoon was spent in general congratulations, mingled with frequent requests to "smile." Although the village in which this remarkable trial was conducted is "non-license," and no liquor is sold within its limits, the "smiling" on this occasion was so contagious that before night it had become "loud laughter," which, from all accounts, is the usual result of "lawing" in the north woods.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?"

JOHN WOODHATCH had not known everything, after all. Here was a *coup de théâtre* for which he was wholly unprepared. A shrewd, observant man as he was by nature, and under whose feet the grass did not grow quickly, still he was not infallible; and as a judge of human character he had, as we are aware, begun to think himself a failure.

In this instance he had not calculated upon head-strong youth, or the romance of selfishness leading up to this, or the power of Morris Brake and Lucy to deceive him and all connected with him thus completely.

"Your wife!" he repeated slowly to himself. Then he sat down, planted his big hands upon his knees, and stared at the fire, as though the solution to the enigma was to be found in its red depths.

"Yes, we have been married a few weeks," Morris explained. "When you were away in London we—we thought it was best."

"Why?"

"We knew there would be much opposition," he said; "that Mr. Larcom would not give his consent; that you—even with all your kindness of heart—would side against us, and tell us to wait."

"Yes, I should have done that," answered the master, slowly.

"There seemed no one on our side," Morris continued. "We felt every effort would be made to part us, that the truth was coming to the light, and there was only security in marriage. We loved each other very much, sir."

"Poor children! rash children!" muttered Woodhatch. "Yes, this is love, I suppose; the love of youth, which leaps in the dark to the unalterable. How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty-one next summer, sir."

"Twenty years of age only," said Woodhatch to himself.

"In my twenty-first year," corrected Morris, objecting to his first score very strongly, and anxious to be out of it even for argument's sake. There was a tremendous difference between twenty and twenty-one—even the law acknowledged that. And when John Woodhatch added, in his new dreamy manner, "I remember last March you told me you were nineteen," Morris felt absolutely baby-like, and thought it was a very ugly way of mentioning an indisputable fact. At least he was twenty last July, and should be of age next year, although John Woodhatch did not seem to see it.

"And Lucy—is she eighteen? I forget."

He had only asked her last night the same question, and she had answered it.

"Well, she is just upon it, sir."

"Yes, next November; I had forgotten for a moment. Nineteen and seventeen—boy and girl," he said.

"I really am not nineteen, Mr. Woodhatch. I wish you wouldn't—"

"And now," he said, interrupting him, "sit down and tell me what are your plans. The crisis is passed; you have accepted the responsibilities of life. What will you do to make her happy?"

Morris hesitated, and looked at the fire in his turn.

"You may trust me, Morris," he said.

"I know that, sir; I could trust you with my life."

"The storm is over, and you and I are sitting in the sunshine," he said, with a sickly smile that was not indicative of any brightness; "we have no ill feeling at our hearts. What are you going to do?"

"I will tell you what I thought of doing, sir," he said. "You know I am rather clever at horses—understand them and their value."

"You are very clever, though I haven't said as much before," replied Woodhatch.

"Well, sir," Morris said, looking down now, and in rather a shamefaced way, "Scatterwait has offered me a good position in his service, and with many chances of advancement."

"Scatterwait is not a nice man," was the master's remark.

"I know that. That is why—"

"But he is rich, the owner of famous race-horses, a great horse-dealer altogether, and better known in England than the bishop. And you would suit him after a while," added John Woodhatch.

"Yes, I thought so."

"You will travel about England a great deal," he continued—"half over the world perhaps."

"Yes; it is not a bad life."

"And Lucy—what of the young wife?"

"Oh, we have thought of all this, sir," replied Morris, "although I have been awfully hasty, and told you our secret prematurely; but then you were so hard on me and her."

"The past lies far away from us; years back it seems, Morris. Go on."

"We thought of waiting till things were a bit settled, till I had saved some money, and then beginning housekeeping together later on, telling Mr. Larcom of our marriage, and asking his forgiveness. In a year or two, at the most, I should know exactly what to do."

"In a year or two! Has it not struck you, Morris, what those two years would be to Lucy, occupying a false position in her home, and with you wandering about the world without her? Have you had no thought for that?" he cried. "Has not she?"

"It was the best we could think of," was the answer. "We are young, and there is time before us, and we have faith in each other," he added, confidently.

Mr. Woodhatch's brow contracted, but possibly it was only at the fire.

"Your plans, Morris, are on a par with this secret marriage, very weak and foolish," he said, slowly. "You do not look ahead and see the misery and horror of it all. You see it as a dreamer. It must not be."

"Must not?"

"It must not," he repeated, rising; and Morris, taking it as a hint that the interview was at an end, rose also. "There can come no happiness to such a life, and there must follow discord, jealousy, perhaps hate. It is a false position for you both—an accursed snare—and shall not be."

"Oh, sir, you have no confidence in me, I know."

"You begin life early; but, by God, Morris Brake, you shall begin it with your wife," cried Woodhatch, savagely.

"If I only could!—if in any way I could!"

"I will find out the way. You must exist without that Scatterwait."

"I thought he—"

"Don't think of the fellow again," said Woodhatch. "And now get away, and write to me to-morrow where you are. I shall be glad when you are out of the house," he said, bluntly; "I shall breathe more freely."

"Ah, Mr. Woodhatch, you look upon me still as the man who has deceived you, instead of one who all his life has looked up to you as father, friend, adviser," said Morris, earnestly. "That I have loved Lucy is my only sin against you. Will you not look over that?"

"Will you do me a favor?" asked John Woodhatch, suddenly.

"Anything—everything—that is in my power. Yes."

"When you go away to-morrow morning, take Fladge with you."

"Fladge!"

"When you have begun the world for yourself, find a humble corner in it for him; he has been your friend, and served you well from your point of view. And you must not be ungrateful."

"I am quite willing, sir. But—"

"Come forward, Fladge, and thank him. Don't stand glaring there, lad," said John Woodhatch.

It was Reuben Fladge who had knocked softly without, and then crept into the room, true to his time, only a moment since, and when Morris was standing with his back to him. Fladge had closed the door behind him, and stood still at the mention of his name, with the fingers of his right hand pressed against his teeth in a highly nervous manner. In the distance he looked as white and scared as if a ghost were facing him, and his other hand groped backward in search of the handle of the door, which he was half inclined to open again, and then fly shrieking into the passage. But when he had heard and comprehended John Woodhatch's meaning and Morris's answer, with a cry like a wild animal's he ran forward and fell upon his knees in front of his master, clasping him round with trembling hands.

"Oh, don't send me away! for mercy's sake, anything but that, sir. Don't send me from the farm; don't—don't!" he cried.

"Hush! you are making too much noise, Fladge. Get up," said Woodhatch, backing a step or two in order to disengage himself from Reuben's clutch, but only dragging the ungainly youth upon his knees along with him.

"Not till you say you have forgiven me, and I may stop. For God's love, master, let me stop with you. Pray do."

John Woodhatch reached out his big hand and patted the rough head of the suppliant as he might have done a dog's, and said, "It is for your good, Fladge; and you like Morris."

"I shall always hate him now," he cried, looking back at Morris with a glance very expressive of his assertion. "He led me on, and gave me money, and made me watch for him—watch you and everybody—and I hate him. There!"

"He will be your friend."

"No, he won't. No, he won't."

"And, Fladge, you must go away from here," said John Woodhatch, very firmly; "I have quite made up my mind about it."

"Oh, don't say it again—don't say it!"

"Get up, and listen to me," said his master.

Reuben Fladge staggered to his feet, went back to the wall, and leaned against it, panting hard as though he had been running. He never took his gaze from the master's face until all had been said, and he had understood all.

"I have no ill-will against you, Fladge," said John Woodhatch. "I am going to transfer you to one in whose service you will be useful; if you are not, I will pay your wages instead of Morris here."

"Fladge will be useful enough, sir," said Morris; "he and I will get on together very well."

Fladge did not look toward him, and did not seem to hear. He was awaiting his sentence of banishment from the master, and consolation from the lips of Morris Brake was of no benefit or comfort to him.

"Perhaps you don't know good from harm so well as most folk," said John Woodhatch, "and it did not seem so great a fault to plot with him against me."

"Not against you, sir," cried Morris Brake at this.

"I think it was. At all events, you were both deceiving me, and that was like a plot. And," he continued, "like a wrong—which I have forgiven."

Fladge left his place by the wall, and came on again with hands outstretched. Forgiveness, at least, he comprehended.

"But bearing you no ill-will," added John Woodhatch, "hoping to be the friend of both of you, still I would set you as far apart from my life as it is possible. I could not see under my roof either you or Morris Brake, Fladge; I could not bear to meet either of you day by day, and every time I met you to think this one worked in the dark against me. You must go."

"Oh, master," wailed forth Fladge, "what was I before you knew me?—what shall I be again?"

"You are almost a man; you know right from wrong; you will keep strong now, Fladge."

"Not if you drive me from this house," was the sullen answer.

"You will go away to-morrow," answered Woodhatch, sternly.

Yes, there were some things which John Woodhatch never forgave, it appeared—and they were sins against himself. He was no hero, hardly a good man, when his pride was touched, thought Morris Brake as he moved toward the door, followed by Fladge.

The interview was over, the decree of banishment had been promulgated, and there were to be great changes at Farm Forlorn—greater than any of the three were dreaming of in that hour. Morris opened the door, and Fladge, munching again at his finger-tips, slouched after him. There was a hurried scuffling in the corridor, the slamming of a door somewhere near, and Morris stepped out quickly. But the oil lamps had been extinguished for the night, and all was dark without.

"There are more watchers and eavesdroppers on the premises," said Morris, turning to John Woodhatch again.

"I don't think so," was the master's reply, as he took his old seat by the fire.

"Some one hurried down the passage just now," said Morris. "I would swear to that."

"Carlo is loose," replied the farmer.

"So is Mrs. Chadderton," muttered Morris, shrugging his shoulders; then, in a louder tone, he added, "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Morris. You will let me know to-morrow where you are."

"Yes, sir. Thank you."

"Thank *you*," he added, with emphasis. "Good-night, Fladge."

"God bless you, master," was the answer, in lieu of the usual response, and then the door closed, and John Woodhatch was alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. CHADDERTON IS WATCHFUL.

THE master of Farm Forlorn was a man easily disturbed, and who did not take life with philosophical calmness, although, like most would-be philosophers, he imagined his self-possession bordered almost upon genius. He whom most events of any importance easily disturbed was possessed of the idea that nothing short of an earthquake could move him. True it was that he did not betray very quickly the trouble at his heart or brain, and that he could assume a composure he was far from feeling, but he suffered none the less for the consciousness that those by whom he was surrounded did not know how much he suffered.

And that particular night he was particularly restless. There had happened so much within the last thirty hours: life had appeared to change so quickly with him, and bring about so many wondrous changes, too. He could not sleep—what was the use of going to his room and trying to sleep? He had made that attempt last night, and with indifferent success, and now there was more to think about, and keep him wide awake and staring. Yesternight he had been fool enough to propose to a girl who was already married, and who did not tell him, even then, of the reason why it was impossible she could accept him. To-night Morris Brake had owned he was her husband. What was to follow this avowal? and how should he set this young rash couple up in the world, and on the smooth, straight path which should lead to the happiness of both of them? For that he intended to do; a little for Morris's sake, perhaps, but for Lucy's a great deal. There would have come only unhappiness to Lucy if Morris had accepted the situation which had been offered to him by that sharp-witted, unprincipled, wealthy horse-jobber named Scatterwait. Morris should never go to Scatterwait's: he swore it.

He put more coals upon the fire, drew his chair close to the hearth, lighted his pipe, and composed himself to think very deeply of the new surroundings of his life, of Morris and Lucy, of the misery of Fladge, of Greg—very unaccountably of Greg, the last of a series of experiments, all of which had not turned out profitably, or as he had arranged they should do. Yes, he was a man of many failures, he confessed it again, sitting there.

How long he sat thinking he never knew. He sat the fire out, and was unaware that it had grown black; the oil lamp was burning low, and the keen cold air was stealing into the room. The night was so still that the breaking of the sea upon the coast, three-quarters of a mile away, came like a low and muffled moaning in the distance, and the wind around the house was crying like a child.

Softly the door opened, and a figure in black, and draped in a thick black shawl, which hung about her head and shoulders in a strange fantastic fashion, stole into the room, her thick list slippers emitting no sound.

"Master," said the harsh voice of Mrs. Chadderton, "you are in trouble to-night."

He was not startled at her appearance; his nerves at least were proof against little surprises which would have brought the hearts into the mouths of timid folk, or else he was pretty well accustomed to Mrs. Chadderton's habit of stealing about the premises at night, under the suspicion that all was not safe at Farm Forlorn, and the security of the establishment depended solely on her extra vigilance.

And it was a figure at which even a moderately strong-minded man might have jumped back a little, the drapery was so black and voluminous, she looked altogether so shadowy, and her pale grim white face was almost spectral as it gleamed from the folds of the shawl about her head.

"I can't say it is trouble, Mrs. Chadderton," he said.

"What is it, then?" she asked, almost peremptorily, as if she had a right to know.

"I am not sleepy, that's all."

"Ah! that will not do for Ann Chadderton," she said; "that is an evasion."

"There are going to be many changes at Farm Forlorn, then, and I can't rest for thinking of them," he continued. "Will that do for an explanation?"

"And the changes are—"

She paused for him to proceed with his statement.

"Morris and Fladge are going away."

"I can guess why."

"Yes, you can guess why."

"Do they suspect me in any way?"

"I think they do; I am sure they do," was the answer.

"Is it well to part with Morris?"

"Yes."

"He seems to have been a companion to you. Almost a son."

Woodhatch shuddered.

"And you have been drawn strangely to him. He has made the farm lighter and brighter by his presence," she continued.

"Why do you plead for him?" asked Woodhatch, roughly. "He is not fond of you."

"I know it."

"Or of anybody, save himself and—"

"The Methodist parson's daughter," concluded Mrs. Chadderton.

"Yes—that's all."

"I do not care for his likes or dislikes, but I know the master is cheered by his presence, and will be unhappy when he is thrown upon the world," she said.

"You know too much, my wise woman of Skegs Shore," said John Woodhatch, ironically.

"No, too little," she added, with a sigh.

John Woodhatch proceeded to fill a pipe with tobacco, and Mrs. Chadderton watched the process solicitously.

"Will you not go to your room now? It is very late?"

"What time is it?"

"Past one."

"I did not know it was so late."

"Shall I take the lamp into your apartment?" she inquired.

"No; leave it alone," he answered, petulantly, "and get to bed."

"I am always the last up in the house, you know," she said. "I should not rest if I were certain any one was left down-stairs," she added, gravely.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1346.

"Then you will not rest to-night, Mrs. Chadderton."

"It does not matter."

"And why are you wandering about the premises in this fashion? Is there anything else amiss?" he asked.

"No; all is very quiet to-night."

"Have you been out of the farm?" he asked.

"Yes, as usual."

"And the lights in the windows looking on the garden?"

"They are all out, excepting in Morris's room."

"Ah! you need not watch there," said Mr. Woodhatch; "he is packing up to go away to-morrow."

"It is a pity," she replied; "but you should know best. You so wise, and I so poor and ignorant; you so good, and I so bad."

"The bad times are in the background, Mrs. Chadderton."

"Ah! but I don't forget them. I—"

"There, there, don't trouble me about them to-night. Haven't I enough trouble of my own?" he cried.

"You said it was not trouble," she answered, very quickly.

"Did I?"

"Oh, master, you are grieving for that girl!" she cried, passionately, "and she is not worthy of you in any way. She is too young, too frivolous, too much in love with Morris Brake, too weak and vain altogether for such a man as you are. Don't think of her any more; pray don't. If you give way—you so strong, and brave, and good—what will become of us?—of *all* of us?"

"Mrs. Chadderton, you're a troublesome old screech-owl; go to your roost and leave a man in peace," he answered, half in jest and half in earnest.

"You will not sit up much longer?"

"When my pipe is out. There, that's a promise. Now go away. 'Hook it,' as Greg would say."

"Greg! is he upon your mind too?"

"No, he isn't," was the answer; "and now good-night to you."

"Good-night, sir."

Mrs. Chadderton courtesied low, and then went noiselessly out of the room, closing the door carefully after her. She went along the corridor and up the stairs, along the second corridor and up the stairs again, listening in the darkness at the doors as she passed, and stopping a longer time than usual at the door of the room which Greg Dorward shared with Morris Brake and Fladge.

When she was quite satisfied that all was well she stole down-stairs to her own room on the first floor again, where a light was burning, and here she sat and waited for the master's footsteps, which she hoped shortly to hear tramping heavily along the corridor to the room beyond her own. It was a large room, that of Mrs. Chadderton's, with big beams crossing the low ceiling—a room full of odd corners with deep shadows lurking in them. Mrs. Chadderton did not fall asleep, or attempt to read, and thus wile away the time at her disposal, supposing she were fixed in her intention to see the last of Mr. Woodhatch before she retired finally to rest. She simply sat and stared at the opposite wall, unmindful of the shawl in which she had wrapped herself before entering the garden that night, and presented thus so weird an aspect that had any one attempted to surprise Mrs. Chadderton by an unlooked-for visit, he or she might have been startled almost out of life by her grim set face and statuesque deportment.

Presently a clock somewhere in the house struck two, and like a being regulated by clock-work, or who had been waiting very patiently for that hour to strike, she rose to her feet, and went quietly and methodically out of the room, along the corridor, down the stairs, and to the master's parlor again, to remind him of his promise to her.

She knocked very softly, and receiving no permission to enter, entered for herself. The wick within the lamp was flickering and spluttering, and the light was fitful and unequal, but sufficient to show that John Woodhatch was no longer in the room. The chair in which she had seen him last, and from which he had taunted her and given her hard words—so unlike him always this!—was empty, and the long clay pipe lay broken in pieces upon the hearth-rug, as though its late owner had dashed it to the floor before rising and passing out into the garden. For the glass doors of the window were wide open—the blind had been pulled up, the heavy red curtains drawn aside, and beyond was the dark expanse of garden ground, and a black sky lit with stars.

Where could he have gone, and how long had he been gone? What was there to watch, now all was known, and the motive for Morris Brake's night flittings fairly confessed? And why should the master take it upon himself to watch, she wondered, when she had watched for him so faithfully?

Mrs. Chadderton walked to the window and peered forth; she stepped into the garden, looked right and left, and listened for voices or the sound of footsteps, glanced up at the long line of stone-work and house roof, and saw only the one light from her own room glimmering from the diamond panes. She stepped back into the house and sat down with her white face turned to the open window, and her long, steady stare beyond it, waiting patiently and gravely for John Woodhatch to come back.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE EARLY MORNING.

The Reverend Alexander Larcom—sometimes very irreverently styled "Old Alec," even by John Woodhatch—lived in a little one-storied house some two and a half miles from Farm Forlorn. A neat little prim edifice was Mr. Larcom's residence, and situated next door to his own chapel—Zion Chapel—which was a house of the same dimensions as his own, and with no pretensions in any way to a chapel-like appearance, unless the name painted in white letters on a little black board which was nailed over the front door was significant of a place of public worship. It was a very primitive place of worship certainly, a good half-mile past the railway station at which Greg had arrived early in the week, and, with fen-land and field stretching before it in one vast expanse, intersected by narrow deep canals of shining water which the eye could follow for miles into the green heart of Lincolnshire. And behind Zion Chapel and its minister's house the fields grew scantier and scantier of herbage, becoming more gritty and sandy with every step, until the long, low-lying coast was reached, and the boundary finished by the gray restless sea, which no sunshine ever brightened into color.

Where Alexander Larcom obtained his congregation from it was difficult to conjecture at first sight. There were a few cottages round about the station, and a church amongst the cottages huge enough to hold half Lincolnshire, and to which those of the villagers who were orthodox went morning and afternoon on Sabbath-days, and dozed and nodded their heads in the big pews to much indifferent maunderings from a toothless rector who was continually losing his place and coming to full stops. Mr. Larcom, at daggers drawn with the church, and, being disputatious, with a fair number of church folk, did not expect and had not accommodation for a large congregation. Twenty full-sized Lincolnshire folk (who are generally full-sized and with a tendency to squareness) filled his front room comfortably, thirty or thirty-five crowded Zion Chapel to suffocation, and fifty necessitated the opening of the window and the placing of a school form in the front garden under it, amongst some very bright nasturtiums, where the supplementary members of the flock could listen comfortably and coolly. With the regular portion of his congregation Alexander Larcom was a favorite He was a contrast to the rector of Skegs Shore, and when the window of his chapel was open, and the wind fairly in the west, you could hear him at the railway station. A curious gentleman in the train which stopped one Sunday afternoon at Skegs Shore had, it was rumored, popped his head out of window and asked "if there was a row on anywhere"; but this was only rumor, and as told by the church-warden of St. Mungo—who did not like Mr. Larcom—hardly to be relied upon implicitly.

Nevertheless, Alexander Larcom was a vigorous preacher, a rough-and-ready hard hitter, a man who said sharp things to sinners, and was "downright" in everything. He was eccentric, but he was in earnest; he spoke more of justice than mercy, of hell than heaven, and nervous folk quickly dropped attending; but he had his faithful little band of followers, who thought there was not a better preacher in the world, bar Spurgeon and the Pope of Rome. Odd stragglers who liked his style of argument would come miles to hear him pray and preach. John Woodhatch came for one, although spiteful people said *he* only came out of compliment, or to pay court to the Methodist's daughter after service, and in the next house, where he would stay to dinner very often.

And now Alexander Larcom and daughter were at home again, and their watch and ward of Farm Forlorn over for the season. What a deal had happened since they went away! and what a deal more of which the Methodist had not dreamed yet!—he who was standing on the brink of discovery, and who would presently look down into the depths.

He and Lucy had not exchanged many words in their drive home together; their thoughts were deep, and not in unison, or else the presence of Greg in the background checked any tendency to an exchange of confidences. Besides, the father did not know what to say, though he might imply a great deal presently, and hint he was a disappointed man.

"If you will not say a word to Lucy about this, I shall be glad," were almost John Woodhatch's parting words, and he had promised to be silent. But John Woodhatch was very rich, very good, not very old, and was one of the few men with whom he had ever got on when brought into personal contact. And he, Alec Larcom, was very poor, and though he did not know it, very proud and dogmatic; and when he died—it had been often on his mind, like a thoughtful sire—what would become of Lucy?

If he had only known that Lucy had, to the best of her ability, rashly settled this little problem for herself, it would have been better for them both; but Lucy, although loving her father, was very much afraid of him. He had been an affectionate father in his dry, hard way; but he had always treated her like a child, as one who could not be expected, at her age, to have any will of her own. Lucy's mother had done very well without one, and so would Lucy; taking it for granted, and as a Gospel truth, that he would always advise her for the best, and be sure also what was the best for her. There being no mistake about this, what could Lucy possibly want with a will of her own, any more than her poor mother? She had a wise father, there was very little doubt about that; and a will of her own was a perfect and unnecessary superfluity, thought Mr. Larcom.

He would have been glad of a long talk with her, had he not been tied down by his promise to the owner of Farm Forlorn; he should have liked to be fully acquainted with each and every reason for Lucy's declining such an eligible offer of marriage as had been made to her, and with his full consent, too—a favor always exceedingly difficult to secure. And he would know every reason, too, trust him!

Hence, though not a word was said that day, or in the long evening afterward, and when Greg had driven home with the farmer's trap, there was a dullness, a constraint, a reserve, between father and daughter, each thinking of the same subject, and each endeavoring to ignore it. Both were glad when the night was late, and it was time to say good-night, after Alec Larcom had read aloud from the Bible a chapter which seemed particularly levelled at Lucy and her disregard of parental authority, and which the father, deep in Bible texts, had doubtless especially picked out for her. It was as though he had his own suspicions of the motive which had led her to tell John Woodhatch that all thought of her was hopeless. Was he very near the truth? She was afraid of the result of the revelation—her father being prone to regard matters unjustly sometimes, for all his religious feelings—and dreaded what he would say of her when the truth was known. What would he think? What could he think? She was strong of will, and she loved Morris Brake too well not to fight his battles, and share misery and poverty with him if it were needed; but it was waiting for the truth which seemed to unnerve her that night. And Alexander Larcom, despising deceit, and waiting for the truth too, was as gloomy and wakeful as the man we saw last at Farm Forlorn, thinking it out and arranging for the morrow.

Presently the lights were extinguished in the little cottage; the night stole on and died away, the late dawn came up across the sea, a luggage train or two went shrieking by in the distance, the long straight bands of silver in the landscape began to glitter in the daylight, the birds were full of song, the big black cattle were lowing in the fields, and the first signs of labor for the day were apparent in the rattle, rattle of horses and wagon coming from some distant point to the regions of Skegs Shore.

Suddenly there was a stoppage of wheels, a noisy shout from the driver, a bellowing and roaring as of a man in great surprise, and who was eager to communicate to some living soul about there the horror which had met him by the way.

"O lor! Here!—hoy!—hi! Look here! look here! Help! Murder!"

The shouting woke up Alexander Larcom, who flung up his window and peered out.

"What is it, man, ye're blating at? What's the matter with ye?"

"Murder's the matter, master! Come down! make haste!"

"Murder!"

"Yes. Here's a dead man in the road, sure enough," cried the rustic.

Ay, sure enough; for death had been busy in the night, and left its victim in the deep dust of the roadway.

Tragedy had come with an awful suddenness to Skegs Shore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

French chemists have succeeded in solidifying kerosene so that it burns like tallow. This achievement will be a great boon to servant-girls who have to kindle kitchen fires.

A Kentucky editor offers to send his paper for six months to the person who shall present him with the largest pumpkin pie between now and Christmas. He does not promise to return such efforts as do not take the prize, and the world will have an opportunity of witnessing the result of a thorough test of the value of pumpkin pie as brain food.

The crowning evidence of the popularity of *Pinafore* is found in the fact that it has been translated into Pennsylvania Dutch, and is soon to be put on the stage in Allentown.

News of the fate of Master Putnam, who was attached to the arctic steamer *Rodgers*, came to civilization in a strange way. An ice-floe drifted ashore on the Siberian coast, and on it was the frozen body of a man. But before the natives could rescue it the wind changed, and the floe drifted northward out of sight. From descriptions of the body it is considered settled beyond question that it was the corpse of the missing officer.

The editor of the Tombstone *Epitaph* was nominated for Mayor. Instead of announcing that his position at the head of a great paper was vastly more important than any to which the suffrage of the people could call him; that his duty to humanity could be better performed in the editorial chair than on any political eminence; that he trusted he should never so far forget his great responsibilities as to abandon them for the comparative ease of an official berth—instead of taking this high ground, he accepted the nomination, and was elected. He proved so efficient a Mayor that within six months he could not stir out-of-doors unless he was loaded down with fire-arms and guarded by several policemen. The lawless element made it so warm for him that he was glad to escape from the town under cover of darkness, and was thankful that none of the many bullets which were sent after him lodged in his person. He is now in the East making up for lost sleep.

The New Orleans *Times* tells a political story which runs as follows: A man was bringing home a 'coon which he had caught, when he met three small boys, who cried as with one voice, "Mister, give me that 'coon?" The man said he would give it to the boy who, after telling what party he belonged to, should give the best reason for his political faith.

"I am a Republican, because that party saved the Union," said one of the boys.

"I am a Greenbacker, because that party is in favor of plenty of money," said another.

"I am a Democrat," said the third boy, "because I want the 'coon."

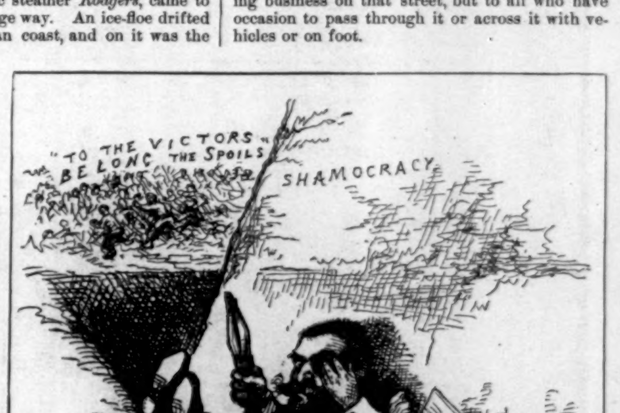
Two instances of the petrifaction of human remains were recently discovered in Oswego by men who were removing bodies from one cemetery to another. The remains of a young man who died seventeen years ago were found to have entirely changed to a substance nearly as hard as stone. In the other case one of the limbs only was petrified.

Persons who indulge in personalities are apt to become disagreeable. One of them caught a Boston street-car conductor by a vest button, and a concealed bell-punch rang. The incident resulted in the discovery of a new and ingenious device to conceal the theft of fares.

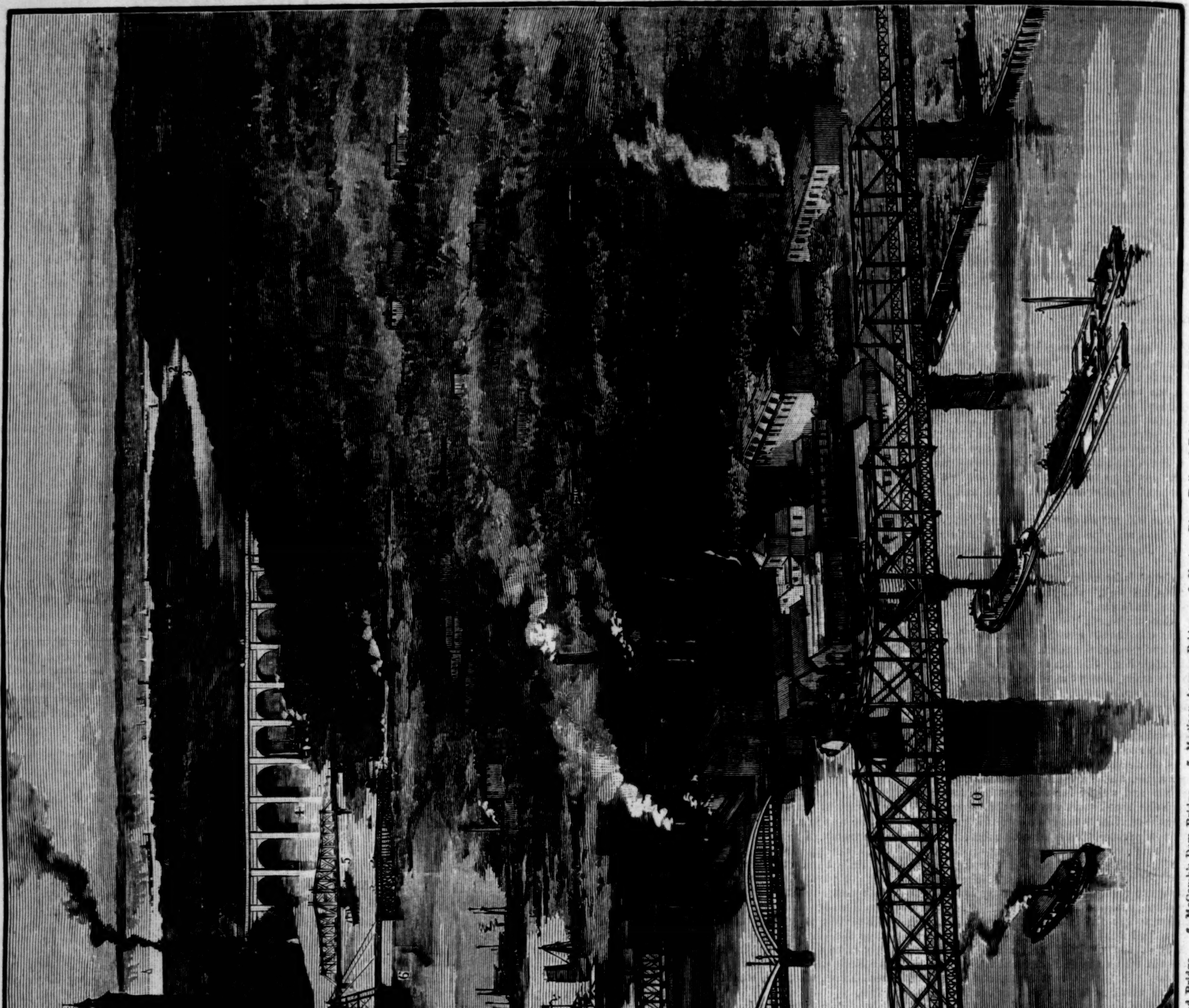
At the beginning of November New York found itself in need of heavy overcoats and winter wraps. The bright sunshine, green grass, and clouds of dust lured many persons out-of-doors in garments that were too thin to protect their wearers from the chilling winds, and an epidemic of colds ensued. The metropolis has not experienced in many years a fall that was more dangerous to those who are careless about properly protecting themselves against the coming of cold weather.

The snow-plough reaches its highest development where the transcontinental railroads cross the Western mountains. Several ploughs over eighty feet in length are building in Washington Territory for use in the passes on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The condition of lower Broadway during a considerable part of the past three months has been such as to suggest the question whether the days of that street as a thoroughfare are not numbered. If depth is not an objection, the process of laying pipes beneath the pavement for various purposes can be continued for a long period, but the time will come when the necessary repairs to the unnumbered under-ground contrivances will require more men than can find elbow-room along the surface of the street. That will be a time of great inconvenience to the corporations having privileges in the trench, to say nothing of the necessary abandonment of the street by the public. For some time past there has been hardly a day when, during the busier hours, long sections of lower Broadway were not so blocked with vehicles as to render their progress very slow, and to make it dangerous for any person to attempt crossing the street on foot. This condition of the thoroughfare results from excavations, and piled-up paving-stones, and mounds of dirt, and derrick-like contrivances, and the barriers that are set up around them. These obstructions have already become a serious matter, not only to persons doing business on that street, but to all who have occasion to pass through it or across it with vehicles or on foot.

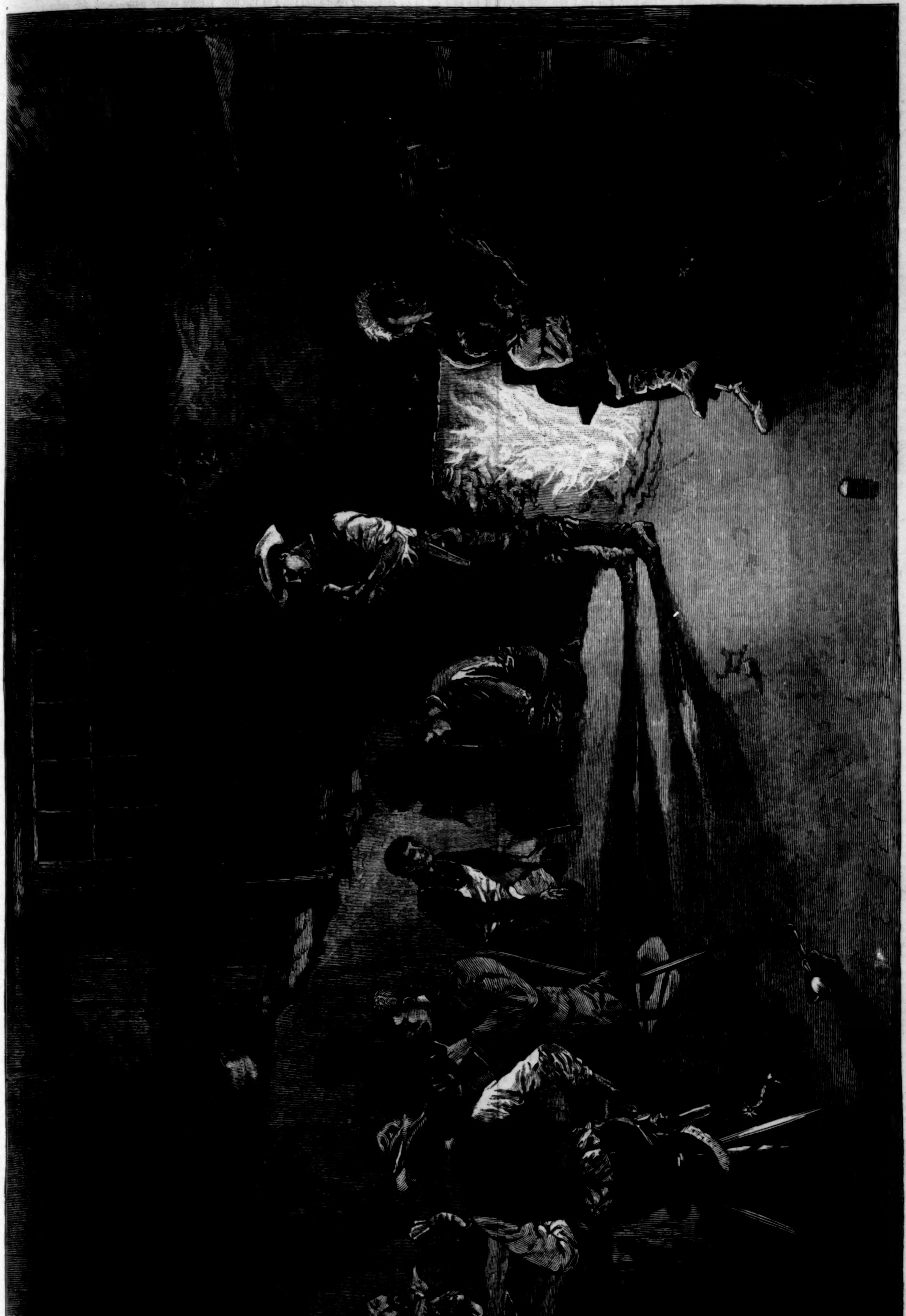


GOT LEFT.



1. Hudson River Railroad Bridge. 2. King's Bridge. 3. Farmers' Bridge. 4. High Bridge. 5. Sixth Avenue Railroad Bridge. 6. McComb's Dam Bridge. 7. Madison Avenue Bridge. 8. Harlem River Railroad Bridge. 9. Harlem Bridge. 10. Suburban Rapid Transit and Foot Bridge as it will appear when completed.

BRIDGES OVER HARLEM RIVER.—[See Page 731.]



THE COW-BOYS OF COLORADO—LIFE IN A DUG-OUT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 731.]

THE ROGUISH LOVER.

I.

"WELL, which way shall I walk?"

"To the left."

"Ah! And what is there on the right?" As O'Gara asked this second question, he half smiled.

"Go and find out, if you prefer," Dr. Clarence Pymm answered, slamming a medical pamphlet upon the table, as if O'Gara was a fly to be put to flight. "Only try to be back to dinner at half past one, sharp."

O'Gara was visiting Pymm—a most unusual thing for one young man to do to another. But they were both exceptional persons, as Pymm was a successful unmarried medical practitioner, and O'Gara an ex-military officer with a little money and no profession. They were to be fast friends for life, too, being just the kind of cronies who forge an irrefragable bond to hold until the end.

O'Gara appeared at dinner glowing with his September ramble through the village.

"I went to the left, after all," said he, "and I shall never regret it, I assure you."

Pymm was carving, but he stopped to look over the roast.

"Pray, what interested you?" he asked.

O'Gara hummed, and examined his polished nails.

"Such a row of elms!" he ejaculated. "Have you beer?" he added, to the colored waiter, with a toss of the head. "Turn it on, then. Beer—beer, I say. I have not been so thirsty for a week."

"One would think you were in camp, Phil," remarked Pymm. "Perhaps you'd better sit at the head of the table, and attend to the housekeeping, you're so fond of lording it."

"Well, man, do you want the keg to sour?" cried O'Gara, hurriedly clapping the lid of his empty mug.

"You should learn to wait patiently, do you hear?"

"Oh, I can wait long enough after I've got what I want," exclaimed the young ex-officer, with a snap of the eyes.

"And did you see any one?" says Dr. Pymm.

"See—yes. Your patients, I suppose."

"No healthy people, then?"

O'Gara smacked his lips, a dash of beer foam on his mustache.

"Capital, by shot! Yes, I saw a young lady. Another bottle there for your master, Duncan."

Pymm lowered his face and moved in his chair as if hiding a smile. Then he began his dinner as soberly as a judge.

By the time they had got to cigars O'Gara was very moody for such a handsome young fellow, occasionally sighing after he had sent up rings of smoke. He threw out morose suggestions about life, the professions, and was even so particular as to mention the short-comings of Havanas. When he had lounged round the dining-room twice, while Pymm peacefully smoked, he exclaimed,

"I'm going to accomplish it somehow!"

"What?"

"Making the acquaintance of that young lady."

"Tell me how she looks. Probably I know her."

"No, you don't; she is health personified."

"Never mind, I have some desirable acquaintances." In fact, Pymm described the very girl O'Gara had seen.

"Well, now," says O'Gara, "how am I to meet her? If you were but married, Clare, like a sensible fellow, your wife could invite her here."

"I really don't know how you *can* meet her," replied Pymm. "Her mother is an old widow and a great invalid; never goes out; and, besides, they are quite poor, and all that. Proud, of course. Originally of good family. In short, I think you'll have to give it up, and get an impression elsewhere."

"Yes," O'Gara says, solemnly, but secretly enraged at his friend's want of penetration. Then added, "Yes, I'll manage it somehow."

"Oh, how?"

"Come into the library, won't you?" The young man said this as if he were in his own house, and marched off with a military tread. Arriving at the library, he wheeled round, touching his heels together. "Clare, old boy, you must help me!"

Dr. Pymm bowed, with a shabby martial aspect half worn off by study.

"Let me first understand your case, sir."

"Pray what do you mean by that?"

"Marie Parfleur (that is her name) is one of the finest girls I ever met," said Pymm. "She will interest you very much more than you fancy, depend upon it."

"I shall fancy and desire everything of the sort. I don't care whether you're in love with her or not, though I should be sorry for *you*. I do assure you I intend to marry her within the year. I can save up money enough to do things in style by that time, and even start a profession. Marie, you say?"

O'Gara seemed in a land of dreams as he slowly pronounced the girl's name. He dimly heard his friend inform him that the mother and daughter were French.

"And it will be utterly impossible—" he heard Pymm go on to say.

"Confound it!" cried the colonel—for such he was—"will you explain again the reason you think me incapable of courting the girl I have chosen?"

"Phil, they are never seen anywhere. I only see them myself through my medical attendance upon Madame Parfleur."

"Take me with you. That's all settled."

The doctor sank into a chair by the writing-table, laughing. "You will frighten such a creature as this girl to the other side of Christendom, I prophesy. She does not like such blunderbusses as you are."

"Oh, now, I'm glad you told me. I'll be as quiet as a stuffed kitten."

"But I don't take you, you must remember."

At this O'Gara became positively angry, and swept round the room like artillery rushing to position, alternately talking in cutting phrases, or silent as the tables and chairs. Suddenly be brought up in front of Pymm. "Can't you make a doctor of me?"

"Yes, in the course of time."

"I am going to visit Madame Parfleur as a doctor."

Pymm sharply turned, giving utterance to a decided contradiction.

"What's the matter with her?" asked the colonel, tilting on his heels and toes, with a dogged look of saucy determination.

"Nothing. She is a hypochondriac."

O'Gara threw up one hand and both eyes. "Thank goodness!" he ejaculated.

Pymm rose, and stood in front of his friend, a little taller, and much more amused. "Why?" said he.

"I shall not need any profound research before undertaking her cure," the colonel explained, but going off into another dreamy pause as he spoke. He came to his eyes and ears as Pymm slapped him rousingly on the shoulder.

"You rogue, get that out of your head. Medicine is a serious calling, not to be tampered with."

The doctor went off to his office, leaving his guest alone, but absorbed by an idea. He called Duncan. "Has the doctor any old medicine cases?" he asked of this functionary.

Duncan tried to conceal his astonishment, and stammered an affirmative.

"Get one."

In the course of twenty impatient minutes the servant returned, bringing a dingy bag.

"Now get a dish of hot water and a plate," says O'Gara, moving to the centre table and pushing up his cuffs.

Duncan stood still, rooted to the spot. Then he proceeded to fulfill the order.

"Doctor's busy, I take it, eh?" remarked the young gentleman, when the steaming bowl was set before him. He emptied the half-filled medicine bottles into the plate, and then dropped them into the water. "Bring us a tray, Duncan my boy, and set these bottles on it, and we'll lay 'em in the sun to dry."

The darky became interested and active. O'Gara's moods were usually catching.

The medicine case was quite emptied and dusted, and the bottles were nicely dried in the sun. Then O'Gara called for white powdered sugar and cold tea, and filled alternate bottles with each. When all was in order again in the bag, he closed it with a click of the spring, and looking up at Duncan, winked.

The functionary grinned back as he threw his towel over his arm, venturing to suggest, "Guess goin' to play a trick on de doctor, ain't you?"

For reply the colonel placed a gold dollar on the tip of his left-hand forefinger, which was as steady as a flag-pole, and held it in front of the servant, who removed the coin very much as if he had been a trained dog. Then O'Gara got up, lifted the bag from the table, and marched out of the library to his own room.

II.

"It won't do any harm, you see."

"No, I admit," returned Pymm to the colonel's somewhat persuasive tones. "As my assistant, and with plain sugar, I can't see that I should be to blame; but you will get into mischief by blundering, for they are very keen women. Good speed to you, though, you wild rogue. I will write a note for you, saying I am busy, and have sent you to inquire for me after the old lady's health, and with certain medicines if needed. Remember, however, that if you disgrace yourself by any stupidity, the probability is that you will have ruined my whole practice."

"Ah, you are a friend indeed, man!" cried O'Gara, enthusiastically.

Pymm looked at him steadily with a grave expression, as of warning.

The colonel, thus bravely launched on a harmless medical career, without a single poison in his wallet, was soon to be seen starting off for his first professional visit, his bag slung over his shoulder on his cane. Pymm happened to step to the window, threw it open hastily, and called out to him: "Down with it, you knave! That's a poor beginning."

O'Gara touched his blue felt hat, dropped his bag to his hand, and went gayly on.

Marie Parfleur received him in the little straw-carpeted and willow-furnished parlor, whither he had been directed at the door by a child of ten, who seemed to be a domestic.

O'Gara's heart danced for very joy to find himself really in the cottage of the pretty Marie. He wondered what people meant by casting slurs upon cottage life. Surely it was of all conditions the pleasantest! He was perfectly happy and at ease. He spoke at once.

"Ah! Dr. Pymm could not come. I have a note here which will explain why he sent me." He handed the same to Miss Parfleur, who sat down by the window to read it, without a word. O'Gara took out his handkerchief and flourished it around his lips, which smiled. "You understand?" he said.

"It is just as well," said Marie, refolding the note, and looking up at him, and then rising. "I will tell my mother that she is to expect you instead of the doctor before you see her." She bowed; and he believed that her dark eyes gleamed once as she did so. She left the room.

In a few moments the child-like girl was sent for him, and he was led to a living-room across the hall.

Marie had already taken up her embroidery at one side of the apartment. An elderly lady, with snow-white hair rolled back from her forehead, sat in an easy-chair beside the table in the middle of the floor. Her black arched eyebrows and aquiline nose, her stately mien, and her long taper fingers lying negligently upon the purple table-cloth—all were so pronounced as to strike O'Gara's vision at the same instant. He made an obeisance in an angular manner, and looked over at the self-absorbed and statuesque Marie with reproach.

"Dr. Pymm's assistant," said Madame Parfleur, in an impressive manner. "Young sir, where have you studied?"

"Will Dr. O'Gara be seated?" proposed Marie, not looking up from her work.

As soon as the colonel had found a chair, the elderly lady repeated her appalling question. He replied, put upon his mettle,

"I have studied wherever I have been, madam. And let me ask you how you do to-day—quite the same?"

"I am never the same," answered the white-haired Parisian, lifting her curved eyebrows still more. "Last night my daughter placed twelve small pieces of flannel upon different parts of my body, where unendurable chills had lodged themselves. My nights are terrible."

"The autumn is setting in," said O'Gara. "An eider-down coverlet—"

"*No*," interrupted the invalid.

"All right," assented the colonel. "By-the-way, these haunting chills are a bore. I'll give you a dose for 'em."

"You know them, then!" exclaimed Madame Parfleur, leaning forward with unwonted eagerness. "Who ever had them besides myself?"

"Oh, persons of fine organization, once in a decade. They're very rare, and I'm glad of having an opportunity of observing an example of them. What do you do to amuse yourself when they keep you awake?"

Marie looked up. O'Gara mentally reined himself in.

"I am not of a temperament to be easily amused, doctor," responded Madame Parfleur, gently, and sighed.

"Ah," cried the colonel, "but amusement is exactly what you must have. New experiments are afloat, my dear madam, in regard to these difficult distempers, which have already proved marvellously successful. Believe me, Dr. Pymm is so puzzled as to what next to try for you that he has begged me, with your approval, and under his supervision, to employ a few of those—those treatments from the study of which, and the—the observation of the results of"—a glance at Marie—"I have lately come. In the first place, your life must be rendered enjoyable."

Madame Parfleur rolled up her eyes, and did not lower them until the colonel proceeded.

"The next best thing to self-action is the action of another. I shall exercise your muscles through your imagination, and present you with a caged squirrel."

Again O'Gara observed (through the side of his head this time) that Miss Parfleur stopped sewing, in suspense. As for madame the mother, she stared at her taper fingers in dismay.

O'Gara pulled his ear, and then remembered the medicine case. He caught it up from the floor, opened it on his knees, and took out a bottle of sugar. Then he called for a glass of water, and emptied a portion of the sugar into it.

"How astonishingly like the method of a homœopathist!" the old lady said, alarmed.

The colonel jumped a bit, and then replied:

"We can not forego a medicinal prescription because it has a dangerous similarity to the other practice. As much deadly poison as I have powder in my bottle here would be the death of a whole State were it dissolved in bucketfuls of water."

"And you expect me to take your concoction, then?" demanded the hypochondriac, with distended eyes.

"Ah, this is *not* deadly poison."

Marie looked over at the opened case, and then out of the window, as if thinking deeply. She was evidently aroused either to interest or suspicion by the jovial young Irishman.

"Drink this before retiring, madam," said O'Gara. "And now will you tell me how your appetite is?"

"It is all that is left to me of my youth," said Madame Parfleur. "I eat daintily, but nothing disagrees with me. My daughter is an incomparable cook."

"I can not believe it," bluntly responded the colonel, determined to carry on this line of discussion.

"Not? Your reason, monsieur."

"Can you expect me to believe that a young lady who is so deft with silks and gauze should be skilled in gravies and stewing and baking? Impossible."

"Marie, you hear? Dr. O'Gara is a savage to suppose you can not prepare a feast. Why, sir, I love her very much, as you may think; but if she could not master all culinary difficulties, terrible as it would seem, I admit I should not love her so much. Marie, how shall we prove that you can cook?" Certainly Madame Parfleur had proved that she herself was a gourmande, and had happened upon a favorite theme.

"It can hardly matter to the doctor how I cook, dear," says Marie; to which the young colonel mentally retorted, "Don't it, though?" He really said:

"With all respect be it spoken, I have dined and supped so royally abroad, and even in your own Paris, that I am resolved, madam, not to be misled by your extravagant praise of a young lady who is undoubtedly more absorbed in leisure than in the hot climate of a kitchen. Let us allow that she dresses a salad to perfection."

"Bah!" cried Madame Parfleur, "you put me in a fever with your obstinacy, good sir. I assure you my pride is nettled, and I will convince you beyond question that Marie is no bungler. Here is my punishment for your impertinence, which shall be the lighter that you are the friend of our esteemed Dr. Pymm. You shall stay to sup with us, and I give you my word it will not be for the last time. Marie, go, do your best, and play the fairy, while the doctor and I come to a fuller understanding of my complicated ailments."

The colonel had blushed, bowed, smiled, hemmed, and was profuse in his grateful acknowledgments of the invalid's hospitable invitation, which she in her turn begged him to excuse as a piece of informal plebeian pleasantry. O'Gara closed his case with great good-humor, threw himself back erect in his old-fashioned chair, and put his hand to his hip as if resting it upon an imaginary sword. Marie deliberately folded her work, her lips compressed either in anger or mirth, and in a moment left the others to their discourse, which the young ex-officer endeavored to lead into agreeable channels.

III.

"Nothing that I attempt," said O'Gara, bitterly, to his host, Pymm, "furthers my end at all. Here is the healthy old Madame Parfleur getting as stout and strong as a milkmaid under my treatment of *eau-sucré* and pets, and short walks at early morning. I was born to be a great physician, say, but I was never born to make quick work with Marie, who is as dumb as a fish, and does not even give me a good chance to make eyes at her."

"You have been playing your part of lover exactly two weeks, I think, and have got on at railroad speed, *I say*," Pymm responded, and nibbled off the end of his cigar. "As for me, I am only astonished that you have not been turned out-of-doors for some glaring nonsense or other. I have a mind to go with you on your visit to-day, and see how you proceed."

"You're welcome."

"Get your wonderful wallet, then."

"Do you know, I left it at the cottage by accident," says O'Gara. "I don't see how I could have been so careless."

The doctor turned his eyes on the young man, without moving, as he blew out his match.

"I'm afraid that *was* a great mistake," he remarked, in a tone of apprehension.

The two friends started off for the widow's cottage, stepping with the precision of the trained pedestrians they were.

Marie opened the door for them herself, as if she had caught sight of her old acquaintance, the doctor, as he approached, for she was quite cordial to him; and some of her aroused geniality seemed to extend itself to O'Gara, whom she smiled upon, and whose hand she pressed good-naturedly with her own.

They were ushered into Madame Parfleur's special apartment, and found her with her invalid manner, but a better color in her cheeks than Pymm had ever seen there. She glanced amicably at the colonel, but to Pymm she said:

"You, sir, should take lessons of your assistant. He has the genius of a Napoleon in the field of medicine."

The doctor congratulated her upon the fortunate chance which had thrown in her way a mind so adapted to her needs as that of O'Gara, and asked the name of the finch which was singing in a cage at her elbow.

But Madame Parfleur had already fastened her attention upon O'Gara, and implored him to tell her what she should take for a sensation as if all her bones were crumbling to dust.

"It is so cruel," she complained, "for pray do not our bones last even when we are dead? And yet I must undergo the terror of having them crumble within my living frame."

"It is an insult of nature not to be borne," cried the ex-officer. "Do but give me my medicine case, and I will see what can be effected."

Marie here started up from her chair, her face pink and dimpled, and going to a cupboard, took out the dingy little bag, and handed it to O'Gara.

Pymm looked at the girl and caught her eye. She tossed her head most debonairly, put her hands in the little pockets of her muslin apron, and stood beside the centre table, watchful, as O'Gara opened his treasure store. No bottles were there.

The colonel turned pale, gazing into his wallet.

"I have not finished filling them with coffee and salt," said Marie, softly.

The hypochondriac was constrained to rise to her full height with the shock of surprise at this episode, and as the three young people burst out laughing, she looked from one to the other in increasing perplexity, largely mingled with haughty displeasure.

"How!" said she, in her deep reverberating voice. "Are you all mad?"

"The Fates!" ejaculated the colonel, clutching his head with both hands in mock agony. "Surely I have lived to see myself destroyed!"

"Madame," says Dr. Pymm, clearing his throat, and crossing one leg over the other as if he were about to lecture to a dozen students, "favor me by resuming your chair, and by listening to me quietly." Madame Parfleur sank back. "My friend O'Gara, permit me to inform you, does not believe in the infallible efficacy of medicine. Having learned from me that all my efforts at restoring you to robust health with drugs apparently resulted in nothing but disappointment, he asks me the favor of trying numberless practices at his tongue's-end for giving you diversion and exercise. Do you realize, my dear Madame Parfleur, that you would doubtless have refused to accede to these inspirations of his if your well-grounded prejudices had not been pampered by a certain semblance of powders and distillations? It is a matter for your candor and generous frankness to admit that my friend O'Gara has justified himself in his intelligent experiment, and that you are in fact a thousand times better in two weeks

than you have found yourself for years. What do you say?"

The stately hypochondriac smiled, and made a graceful obeisance to the colonel, who had long ago recovered his self-possession, and made the best of the opportunity to get up something in the character of a flirtation with Marie. Her mother spoke.

"This explanation of your attitude toward me, young friend, wholly satisfies me. I am glad to have been considered worthy of your skill. But it is now my daughter's turn to enlighten me as to her meddling with your medicine case, which I suppose had in it drugs of some value, however mild."

Marie played with a chain of beads at her throat, and cast a covert glance at O'Gara. It seemed greatly to stimulate him.

"Mademoiselle Marie," he said, rising and bringing his heels together with a snap, as he often did, and then gallantly kissing his hand to her, as if he was in the habit of doing that often too, "if she can guess as correctly the sentiments of my heart as she has done the contents of my medicine bottles, stands absolved from any conceivable resentment."

Marie at this gave utterance to a rippling laugh, at last saying,

"Ah, Dr. O'Gara, a person of so much professional enthusiasm as yourself, of such profound research, with originality into the bargain, can afford to forgive the petty offenses of less gifted mortals." With a blush, she turned away, a thought coquettishly, and going over to the window where her work lay, rested one hand idly upon the pretty silk.

"I have not much time," remarked Pymm. "O'Gara, do you have a few words with your patient, and I will try to induce Miss Marie to renew old acquaintanceship before it is too late." He took his chair to Marie's side, who seated herself, and sedately began her embroidery.

The couple at the window heard one exclamation after another in the melodious tones of the old French lady, rising above the steady stream of O'Gara's hurried monotone, his Irish tongue having got his destiny into its own power. Madame Parfleur's eyebrows reached almost incredible heights, her haunting chills crept over every limb, her bones shook if they did not crumble, and yet her understanding and her predilections were taken captive by the gracious eloquence of the gay colonel, who fully persuaded her of his sincere adoration of Marie.

The fascinating girl was herself conscious of a serious crisis, although Pymm did not allow her any ears to hear the conversation by the centre table. Her color came and went, and she often peeped out at the yellowing elm branches hanging near the window, biting her lip in some kind of perturbation.

And when O'Gara got up and stepped over to her, his gray eyes dark with earnest emotion, her brown eyes filled with tears, and she became so reserved that nothing would tempt her to raise her lids.

Not long after this important day, for such it turned out to be, the colonel caught Pymm standing alone, and looking at an object which he had taken out of his pocket.

"What time is it? I am always forgetting my watch now," says O'Gara. He went up and looked over Pymm's arm. He drew back again. The doctor had not been examining the time, as he had thought. "Why, Clarence," he said, "I did not know—what the deuce—you never told me! Is it a picture of Marie?"

Pymm turned, put a photographed portrait back in an inner pocket warmed by his heart's blood, and appeared a little unnerved.

"Why should I have told you?" he replied. "This is the portrait of a woman who is dead. You make me somewhat lonely in your new life of prosperous wooing. Well, I hope it will be of longer duration than that which *I* experienced. Our inclinations might have interfered with each other, you know, if I had not already loved."

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

THE SOUDAN PROVINCES OF EGYPT.

THAT misfortunes never come singly is illustrated in the troubles that have befallen the land of the Pharaohs and the Khedive within the last few months. While Arabi Pasha was defying the constituted rulers in the Delta of the Nile, and bringing the horrors of war to Alexandria and the neighboring districts, the False Prophet was leading an insurrection in the southern provinces, and lowering the flag of Egypt in a vast territory which was acquired within the past decade. We are without full details of the affair, but it is safe to say that Egyptian authority has been set at naught in all the regions around the equatorial lakes and nearly as far north as Khartoom. A late dispatch announces the repulse of the rebels at three different points, but it is certain that the hostile forces are only a few days' march from Khartoom, and long before aid can be sent to the feeble garrison the capital of the Soudan provinces may easily fall into the hands of the enemies of the Khedive.

The addition of the southern provinces may be considered a thing of to-day, as it occurred only a little more than ten years ago; its nominal object was the suppression of the slave-trade, which had become the principal commerce of the White Nile and its tributaries. For this purpose Ismail Pasha, then Khedive, commissioned Sir Samuel W. Baker to organize an expedition with sufficient military strength to overpower the dealers in human flesh, and disperse their armed bands that were destroying villages, laying waste large areas of country, killing such of the inhabitants as refused to submit and failed to make good their flight, and selling their prisoners to the purchaser who would pay the highest price for them. Sir Samuel was invested with the title and rank of a pasha, with power of life and death over all who denied his authority to rule, and he was made absolute Governor of the new territories for the period of four years from April 1, 1869. It was an entirely natural circumstance in the course of political events that the first step in the programme was the "annexation" of ten times as much territory as the army of the new pasha could occupy and control. The annexation took place at Gondokoro on the 27th of May, 1871, and was an impressive ceremony—at least for those who took part in it; but it does not seem to have fallen with due weight upon the negro mind, as the natives remained hostile to the movement for transferring them to the rule of Egypt, and the campaign of Baker is a record of more disasters than triumphs. His successor, Gordon Pasha, who had won fame in China for carrying out the policy of the Americans, Ward and Burgevine, in the suppression of the Tae-ping rebellion, continued the efforts for destroying the traffic in slaves; but in spite of all the good work of these military philanthropists the degrading commerce continues, though in a less degree than before.

The southern limit of the annexed territory is exactly at the line of the equator, on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and on the borders of Mtesa's kingdom. Baker Pasha prudently abstained from absorbing the realms of that powerful monarch, and confined his attentions to the weaker powers of Unyoro and Umiro and the kingless tribes of Shoolis, Baris, Shillooks, and Dinkas. The Shoolis were more readily conquered than any others; in fact, they yielded at once to the new dispensation, as it was expected to free them from the incursions of the slave-dealers, and they paid the slight tax which Baker imposed with a readiness like that of the denizens of New York under the rule of a Tammany prince. The Nile was opened to navigation from Khartoom to Gondokoro, a distance of about a thousand miles; and the dwellers along its banks refrained from firing on the passing steamers, mainly for the reason that they possessed no fire-arms. Military stations were established throughout the conquered country, but in their number and the distances between them they resembled the visits of angels. The subjection to Egyptian rule has been little more than nominal at any time, and there has hardly been a month of entire peace since the memorable day when the flag was saluted at Gondokoro. Sometimes one tribe and sometimes another has been in open revolt, and there have been occasions when half the territory was in an insurrectionary condition. Hundreds of Egyptian soldiers have fallen by the spears and arrows of the natives, and many an officer of European or American birth has perished in the same way, or by the fevers and other diseases that prevail in those pestilential regions. Commerce in ivory and other tropical products has not equalled the dreams of the sanguine projectors of the conquest of Equatorial Africa, and altogether the annexation has been a costly enterprise for Ismail Pasha and his successor.

The population of the annexed territory is variously estimated from four to eight or ten millions; it consists of savage tribes and people among whom the census is unknown, and consequently all figures concerning it must remain in the domain of guess-work. There is no military organization among them worthy of the name, and the greater part of the army which the False Prophet has raised is little better than a mob, carrying the rude weapons of the savage. The slave-dealers had a sort of military following, armed with muskets and sabres, divided into regiments and companies, and occupying stations through the country where their operations were carried on. In many instances they were officered by soldiers who had deserted from the Khedive's army or whose term of service had expired; some of these officers displayed considerable skill in disciplining the savages under their orders, and the worst opposition to Baker and his successors during their campaigns was from the slave-dealers' troops. It is probable that these irregulars have formed the nucleus for the army which the False Prophet has raised, and which is variously stated to be from fifty to a hundred thousand strong. If this be the case, there is every reason to fear the capture of Khartoom before many days. Already all the provinces annexed by Baker have returned to native rule, or misrule, and with the fall of Khartoom the territory would be reduced to an area less than that left by Mohammed Ali. We may expect the bones of that grim old warrior to turn in his grave, and his long-hushed lips to utter fierce anathemas on those who have robbed his kingdom of the city that he founded.

Khartoom is a picturesque place of about forty thousand inhabitants, on the tongue of land between the White and Blue Nile. The principal front of the city is on the Blue Nile, and the traveller on approaching it sees a line of palaces and kindred buildings extending upward of a mile along the bank, surrounded by groves of orange, citron, and other trees, and dominated by a single mosque, which is the first object to catch the eye. Back of these edifices is the older part of the town—a region of narrow streets and little shops, not unlike those of Cairo and the native part of Alexandria. The population is a mixture of Berbers, Soudan negroes, Bishareen and other Arabs, Fellaheen from Lower Egypt, and a liberal sprinkling of Nubians and the wandering tribes of Darfoor and other lands to the west and south. It is a kaleidoscope of humanity that will puzzle the ethnologist to the end of time. The European population includes in the lower and middle strata a few dozen Greeks and Italians engaged in the sale of European products, two or three German merchants, and now and then an adventurous Englishman who is endeavoring to carry the blessings of free trade into the heart of Africa. There is an Austrian consul-general residing there, and there are consulates of France, England, and the United States; the latter is represented by a consular agent who is a native of Egypt, and is glad to fill the position without salary for the sake of the honor and protection it affords. The Austrian Catholics have had a mission at Khartoom for some thirty or forty years, and quite recently the London Missionary Society sent some representatives to live there. The streets are cleaner than one would expect to find them after seeing other cities of the East, but in spite of this Khartoom is an unhealthy spot for Europeans, to whom a compulsory residence of five years is equivalent to a death-warrant.

Khartoom owes its existence to a tragedy. Shendy was formerly the capital of the Soudan, and was ruled by Mek Nemr, whose ferocity gave him the sobriquet of "the Leopard." In 1821 Mohammed Ali sent his son Ismail Pasha to demand the submission of Mek Nemr; the pasha made his camp outside the town, and demanded hay for his horses and camels, and food for his troops, and on the king pleading poverty, the pasha struck him with the stem of his pipe, and called him a dog of an infidel. The king then bowed his head as if in terror, and said the Egyptian should have all he asked, and more.

All night the king's people were busy bringing forage and piling it around the camp, and the largest piles were near the tents of the pasha and his officers. The pasha laughed, and so did his officers; in the morning there was no laughter, as the negroes at a given signal set fire to the heaps of forage, and the pasha and most of his followers were roasted to death! The few who succeeded in passing the line of flame were speared by the Nubians, who surrounded the camp in great numbers. In the following year Mohammed Ali sent an army to destroy Shendy, leaving not one stone on another, and to kill "the Leopard"; but he escaped to the wilderness, and was never taken. The capital of the country was transferred to Khartoom, then a small village, and the growth of commerce, added to its geographical position, has made it an important place.

The direct route to Khartoom is up the Nile to Korosko, above the first cataract, and thence over the desert to Aboo Hamed and Berber, whence boats may be taken to Khartoom. It is 247 miles from Korosko to Aboo Hamed by the desert, and about 600 by the river, which here makes a great bend to the west. It is another hundred miles from Aboo Hamed to Berber, making about 350 miles in all, and over this route many regiments of Egyptian soldiers have made their way. Between Korosko and Aboo Hamed there is only one place where water can be obtained, and it is so impregnated with salt as to be undrinkable by man, and only endurable to the tough stomach of the camel. The road is marked by the bleaching bones of camels that have perished of hunger and thirst, and by numerous graves of men who have died in the same way. On one occasion an entire regiment was overcome by heat and the absence of water, and only a few escaped. Another and in some respects a better route is by way of Suakim, on the Red Sea, whence a desert road, 288 miles long, leads to Berber. The troops from Cairo will probably be sent by this route; they will go by rail to Suez, and thence by steamer to Suakim, and it is safe to say that not less than six weeks will be required for their journey. When we add another six weeks for the inevitable delays inseparable from the movements of Oriental armies, it is easy to understand the long time that must elapse before relief can reach the threatened garrison of Khartoom. THOMAS W. KNOX.

ACROSS THE HARLEM.

THE elevated railroads are rapidly changing the face of New York. Contrary to the expectations of their projectors, their first effect was not at the upper terminal points, but in the intermediate region, just beyond the limit at which daily transit by horse-car became intolerable. "Forty minutes" used to be roughly set as this limit, and whoever was forced much to exceed it generally preferred a residence honestly suburban to a residence which was only nominally living in town. A map showing the relative densities of population on Manhattan Island now and five years ago would show the region between Fifty-ninth Street and Ninetieth and between the Park and the East River to have thriven most. This is the region known officially as the Nineteenth Ward, and unofficially as "Yorkville," and still endeared to its older inhabitants under the name of "the village." In 1880, one of the greatest building years in the history of the city, the new buildings erected in this district were almost equal in number and value to those of all the rest of the city.

The time of Harlem had not yet come; much less that of the "annexed district" beyond the Harlem River. That time can not be said to have fully come as yet. It is one of the immediate problems of municipal development whether the march of population is to continue to the building up of the waste places between Yorkville and Harlem, and then to push on across the river, or whether the west side will first be brought to a populousness more closely approaching that of the east side. This is not so simple a question as perhaps it looks, nor can the answer to it, which so many householders and intending householders and "real estate operators" in general are interested in knowing, be arrived at from the study of a good topographical map of the island, even if there were such a thing available for popular use, and with the course of the elevated roads already known.

In fact, the migrations of peoples, on the great scale or on the small, are not matters of deliberation or of forethought so much as matters of immediate necessity, which leave no time for the exercise of those qualities. That New York will grow is as certain as any future event can be; but the precise direction which its growth will take, or rather the order in which it will spread out to occupy its now unoccupied territory, can not so certainly be foretold. Movements of people are often determined, like movements of herds of wild or tame animals, by causes apparently trivial and absurd compared with the magnitude of the results. A flock of sheep will jump over the place where there was once a barrier, and march around the place where there was once an obstruction; and there is much that is ovine in the procedures of masses of men.

Although it is difficult to tell beforehand which one of two obstacles—the one apparently big, the other apparently little—will offer the more resistance, it is as true of the movement of population as of any other movement that it takes place "along the line of least resistance." Artificial facilities as well as natural may provide this line, and although it is hard to account, from the map of New York, for the arrested development of the west side of New York when compared with the east side, we may be sure there are reasons for it.

The bridging of the Harlem tends to increase this inequality between the two sides, which the completion of the Riverside Drive tended to diminish. The ground to the westward of Fifth Avenue rises rapidly and abruptly along the west bank of the Harlem, until at High Bridge, as the crossing of the river by the Croton Aqueduct is commonly called, it becomes absolutely precipitous, and is still more precipitous at the narrower gorge above that point which it has been proposed to span by a bridge for a driveway and footway, to be constructed by the Park Department. From this point the "river," as the estuary is called which makes New York an island, gradually narrows, until it is impossible to dignify it any longer with the more imposing title, and becomes Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

One of the most striking proofs of the rapid growth of New York is that furnished by the bridges of the Harlem, shown in the illustration on page 728. McComb's Dam Bridge is the oldest of all, and that structure, though ramshackle, is not venerable. Of the others, one alone is a practicable driveway. This is the one at Third Avenue, which is Harlem Bridge proper. The Madison Avenue Bridge, of which only the piers are as yet visible, is meant also for private traffic and transit, and the other two are parts of the elevated railway system. The surburban rapid transit and foot bridge, in the foreground, is only just commenced, and our picture of it is from the architect's plans.

With the completion of the Madison Avenue Bridge the facilities for populating the annexed district will be greatly increased, and the west side will be handicapped anew in the race for development. The development of the annexed district will, however, depend very much on the treatment of that district by the municipal authorities. The comprehensive and thoroughly studied plan submitted some years ago to the Park Department by Messrs. OLMSTED & CROES is still, we believe, in abeyance, and it will soon be necessary to determine whether that or a similar plan shall be executed, or whether the annexed district shall suffer from the "gridiron" street system of 1807, the Procrustean application of which to New York does not vindicate the wisdom of our ancestors, nor conduce to the comfort and convenience of their descendants. It is well to recall, while this subject is under discussion, the striking remark of the Commissioner of Public Works in his last report, that the taxpayers who five years ago were resisting costly improvements are now clamoring for them. The best way to keep down taxes in the present situation of New York seems to be to extend the taxable area, and increase the productive and tax-earning power of real estate. In the economies of a great city penny-wisdom is surely pound-folly.

FRESH FROM WEST POINT.

THE young lieutenant, fresh from his studies on the banks of the Hudson, who finds himself for the first time in command of a scouting party in the Indian country, is placed in a most trying situation. Brave, gallant, and thoroughly versed in the theory of what is called "civilized war," he now confronts an enemy whose way of fighting is entirely new to him—sneaking, wily, treacherous, and cruel. But with trusty and experienced men at his side, he quickly learns the duties of his new position, and in a few months becomes a skillful frontier soldier.

A COLORADO "DUG-OUT."

ON page 729 will be found another of the spirited sketches of "cow-boy" life which Mr. W. A. ROGERS has drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY. We have already given pictures of their out-door life, pursuits, and adventures. In this sketch we give a representation of one of the "dug-outs"—the semi-subterranean houses which are to be met with in abundance along the railways in the far West and Southwest.

Life in these unique habitations is very cozy and comfortable. Their construction renders them an equally good defense against the severity of winter storms and the attacks of hostile Indians. Cellar-like, as the name implies, and with substantial bullet-proof roof, sometimes covered with earth, with a roaring fire on the hearth, they are as secure as a fortress. Almost similar habitations are found in Kamtchatka and Alaska. In these comfortable quarters the cow-boys pass the time in various ways—some playing cards, others mumble-the-peg, others in reading. There is a good deal of monotony in this sort of existence, but the boys find abundant compensation in the wild excitements of their out-door life.

ROBERT HERRICK.

More than two years ago Mr. E. A. Abbey began in Harper's Magazine a series of charmingly quaint illustrations of Herrick's poems. He caught the tone of the fine old lyric poet with sympathetic felicity, and with the inspired imagination of the artist has wrought in the very spirit of Herrick's time. These illustrations have now been gathered into a volume of selections from Herrick's poetry, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, which will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. It will be one of the most superb gift-books of the season, and will make Herrick's poetry known to thousands of readers to whom he is now little more than a name.

Although at his best one of the most delightful of lyric poets, there is none whose works require more careful editing and selection. "He wrote," says the "Easy Chair," in Harper's Magazine for June last, "the most exquisite verses to flowers; verses musical and pure and delicate—very dew-drops of song; but he had also a taste for the town and the table and all fleshly delights. There could, indeed, be no greater amazement than that of some young reader suddenly coming for the first time upon the 'Daffodils,' or 'Violets,' or 'Meadows,' or 'Rose-Buds,' and hastening enchanted to the volumes of the poet, only to find the lilies blooming in the mire. The name itself of the singer, Robert Herrick, is musical and suggestive. His best poems read for the first time convey a sense of ineffable grace and melody, and the Easy Chair recalls vividly the delight with which a young boy browsing in a great library first tasted the ambrosia of Herrick's verse. It was a rude shock, however, to see his portrait. It is that of a bovine Bacchus. The close-curling mass of hair clings to the head, and, covering the forehead, almost blends with the shaggy eyebrow. The immense aquiline nose springs beak-like from beyond the staring eyes, the mustache of a Cavalier covers the lip above the full mouth, and the chin doubles down in heavy jowls to the thick neck."

For a long time Herrick's poetry was neglected, and the first modern reprint of his complete works was published in 1823. Selections from his poems had been made previously, however, and the choicest of his lyrics were admired by all lovers and students of the older English poetry. Every collection of English poetry contained the few short lyrics by which he was known to readers in general.

Mr. Dobson has made the selections for this volume with excellent taste and judgment, and it will be in the highest degree welcome to lovers of art and of old English poetry. The illustrations on this page, which now appear for the first time, will give our readers a foretaste of the feast of beauty which awaits them in the volume itself. The grace and quaintness of the drawing, the delicacy of the engraving, captivate the eye and the imagination. Mr. Abbey's pencil catches the lightly tripping daintiness of Herrick's airy and sometimes artificial conceits as well as the refined grace of his purer verse, and every reader of cultivated taste will welcome the volume as a beautiful tribute to the poet's genius.

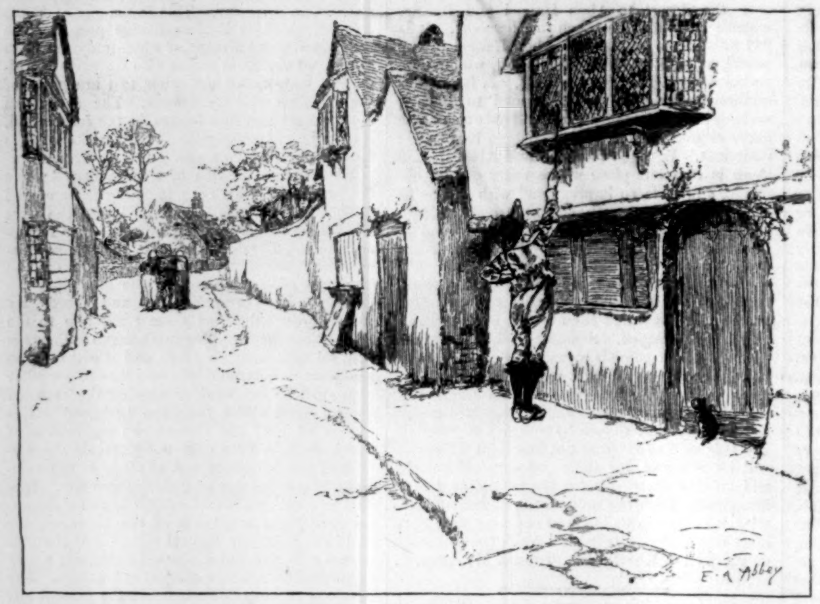
FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN AND HUBERT HERKOMER.

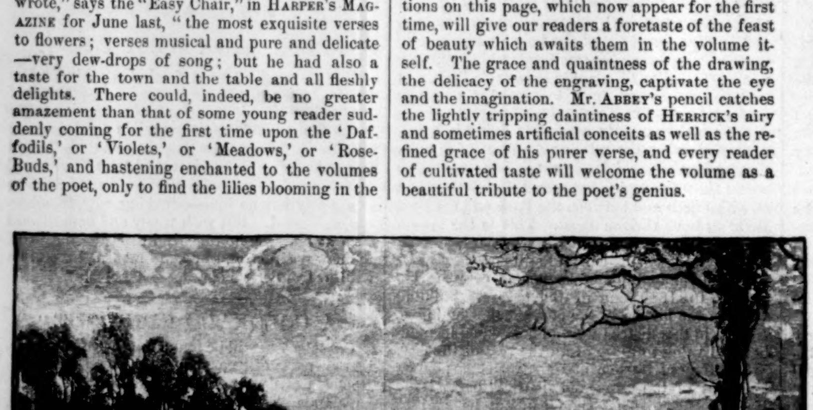
The artists and their art have ever been a theme of interest, and countless goodly volumes are filled with the lore of painters and pictures. Even the poet, beloved of all men, is limited by the language in which he writes. But the artist speaks in a language understood by every human creature who has eyes. The great paintings, incomparable as they are, seem like solitary aristocrats, into whose presence but few can enter; and as the world grows democratic, the work of the artist, like the work of the writer, must be here and everywhere at once. Nearly four centuries ago this need was felt by Albert Dürer, and he supplied it by multiplying his own creations by means of the etching-needle or the graver. Modern ideas have greatly modified both literature and art. Milton or Dr. Johnson would have required a stately folio volume to express what any writer of to-day would compress into a magazine article; and the same concise directness is seen in contemporary art, and most of all in painter's etching, which is the directest expression of pure artistic thought.

Upon another page are published the portraits of two distinguished British artists, who have arrived in America within a few days of each other. Mr. Seymour Haden, who landed on the 5th of November, intends to remain about two months. He comes with the double purpose of seeing the country and of delivering some lectures upon etching—an art upon which he has a pre-eminent right to speak with authority—while Mr. Herkomer has come to revisit the scenes where some years of his early childhood were passed, and has taken a studio in New York, where he intends for some months to devote himself especially to the painting of portraits.

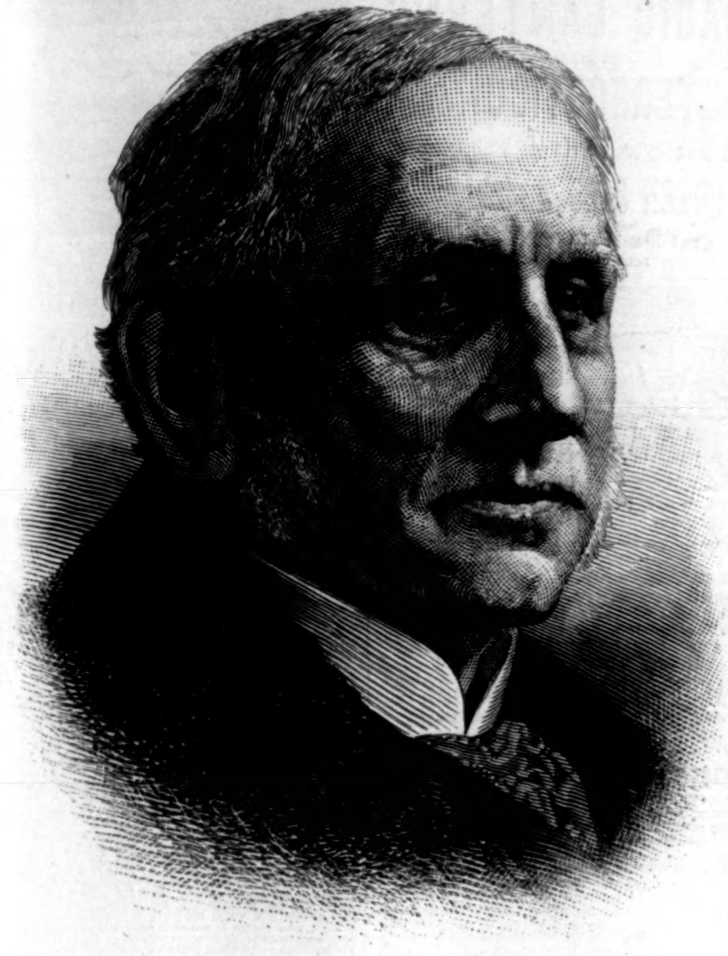
As there is little in common between these two artists (save undoubtedly mutual respect and esteem), they may be spoken of separately.

Of Francis Seymour Haden it may be said that in the long annals of art, from Vasari down to Ruskin, there is no more remarkable case than his. Instances are not rare of men who, having utterly failed in one career, have afterward succeeded in another totally different. But for a busy surgeon first to achieve eminence in his own exacting profession, and then, comparatively late in life, to take up etching—the most difficult of all the graphic arts—and in it to produce work which ranks him throughout Europe and America as the greatest living etcher, is only another proof that genius is not tied down by ordinary limitations, and that the artist, like the poet, is "born, not made." Some days ago so capable a critic





SELECTIONS FROM ABBEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO HERRICK'S POEMS.



FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN.—Photographed by Sarony.

HUBERT HERKOMER.—From an Etching by Himself.

as Peter Moran (himself President of the Philadelphia Etching Club) delivered this emphatic opinion: "I consider Seymour Haden to be the greatest landscape artist who has expressed himself through etching, not even excepting Rembrandt."

That we possess such art as this is in a sense a golden accident, for it was during an enforced idleness, necessitated by overwork at the medical profession, that Mr. Haden took up etching as a recreation, and such masterpieces as the "Sunset in Ireland" and "Shere Mill Pond" were done without the least intention of exhibiting or publishing them. Thus for more than twenty years the accomplished amateur amused himself, and it was not until 1864 that a selection of his etchings was first published. The result is now matter of history. The busy surgeon found himself a famous artist, and those who best know whereof they speak declare that this fame rests on such sure foundations that no mere changes of taste or fashion can ever shake it, but that it will go down to posterity as surely as that of Rembrandt and Claude have come down to us.

To have seen Seymour Haden in his own home in the West End of London is something to remember. The first and second floors of his house do not greatly differ from the corresponding stories of other handsome residences in that aristocratic quarter. But the privileged visitor who may ascend to the third and fourth floors will enter the *sanctum sanctorum* indeed. In one large room is the artist's magnificent, and indeed unsurpassed, collection of old prints. Among them are several which have cost their owner from one to two thousand dollars each, and are well worth what they cost. The large revenue which Mr. Haden derives from the sale of his own etchings is devoted to two good causes. Charity has the first claim (and especially the Hospital for Incurables, which was originally founded by himself), and the residue is devoted to the augmentation of this cherished and precious collection of old prints.

Another large room on the same floor contains the artist's own etchings; but in its well-arranged shelves are several compartments which are empty, and which never can be refilled, because all the impressions are gone, and the plates that printed them, having begun to show signs of wear and tear, were broken up.

In Sir William Drake's *Catalogue of the Etched Work of Francis Seymour Haden*, the significant statement, "the plate is destroyed," occurs fifty-four times. Included in these is the lovely "Shere Mill Pond," of which all that remains now to its creator is an empty shelf and the fragments of a broken plate. The last proof taken from this plate before it was destroyed is so fine that many an artist only a little less conscientious would have allowed it to print several more, and connoisseurs would have been glad to possess them.

Still another department in Mr. Haden's house contains his printing-presses. The famous printer Frederick Goulding comes there and works under the artist's direct supervision, and every proof that is not absolutely perfect is scrupulously destroyed. A characteristic incident, never before related, may illustrate this great fastidiousness as to the quality of his works. An American dealer had induced Mr. Haden to consent to part with the remaining impressions of the "first state" of his great etching, "The Breaking up of the old War Ship Agamemnon"; and among the few remaining were five or six which the artist said were not quite perfect, and he pointed out certain stains or wrinkles which were so slight that very few connoisseurs would have objected to them. The dealer still consented to have them included with the perfect ones, but he was considerably astonished some minutes later to see Mr. Haden quietly tear them up and throw them into the waste-basket. He had sacrificed hundreds of dollars rather than allow an unworthy proof of his work to get into circulation.

The personal influence of one great artist is so strong that it sometimes forms an epoch. Something like this took place in another art about fifteen years ago, when the lamented Parepa-Rosa seemed to have carried forward high-class vocal music half a century in this country. Etching is no longer understood by the cultivated few only; it is becoming universally admired. Our own etchers are now doing admirable work, and we have every right to expect that the visit of Francis Seymour Haden will have a pow-

FRESH FROM WEST POINT—THE NEW LIEUTENANT ON HIS FIRST SCOUTING EXPEDITION.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 731.]

erful and permanent influence for good upon the art of America.

HUBERT HERKOMER was born in a village of Bavaria on the 26th of May, 1849. This famous young painter, Associate of the Royal Academy, winner of a grand medal of honor at the Paris Exhibition of 1858, and now on the flood tide of success, was brought up in a school which, though it has turned out many worthy scholars, is yet a hard one—the school of adversity.

His father and his uncle were wood-carvers by trade. The family emigrated to America in 1851, and settled in Ohio, where they remained for six years. Then the father decided to try his fortunes in England, and settled with his family at Southampton, while the father's brother remained in Ohio. Wood-carving in proper hands mav be dignified into an art—witness the work of old GRINLING GIBBONS at Windsor Castle and elsewhere—and it would be an instructive research to discover how far the influence of the HERKOMER family is to be thanked for the interesting circumstance that the beautiful panels of the great organ at Cincinnati were carved by the fair hands of the ladies of that artistic city.

At the Southampton Art School young HUBERT won a medal in his fourteenth year. In March, 1866, he entered the life school at South Kensington, where he studied for five months, and returning to Southampton, he and some young associates opened a modest little exhibition of their own works, and it was here that our artist sold his first picture. In the next few years he struggled bravely against poverty, working hard the while, and as lately as 1869 he was lodging rent free in a ruined house in the village of Hythe, Kent, where he slept soundly on a bed of straw, and commenced working on his pictures at three o'clock in the bright summer mornings.

This same year two of his works were exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, London, and their comparative success encouraged our artist to establish himself in the great city. In the spring of 1870 he sent a large water-color drawing to the Dudley Gallery, and when the exhibition was opened he was delighted to find his own picture hanging, not only "on the line," but in the place of honor. HERKOMER is by no means the only successful artist who has had his best training while serving on the staff of an illustrated journal. From 1869 to 1873 he contributed many admirable sketches to the London *Graphic*, and now for the first time he found himself in prosperous circumstances. It was in 1875 that his noble picture of the old Chelsea veterans sitting at worship was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and established the artist's reputation. It is related that when the grave and reverend Academicians of the hanging committee, though wearied with the day's work of selecting or rejecting, came at last to the young contributor's picture, they could not refrain from greeting it with a round of applause.

The rest was easy—at least easy to a man of such ability and such indomitable energy. His versatile hand is equally at home in oils, water-colors, sketches, and etching; and he has recently mezzotinted a fine plate after a painting by MILLAIS.

If HUBERT HERKOMER, at the age of thirty, an innovator and a "foreigner" (a term which in England implies serious drawbacks), has been able to break the thick ice of British conservatism, what may not such a man achieve in the time to come?

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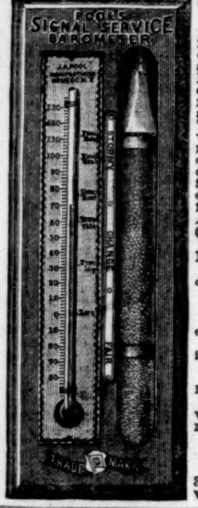

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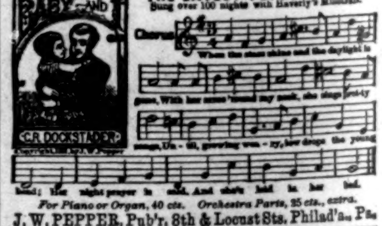

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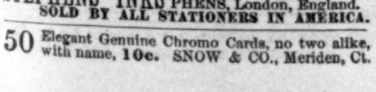

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